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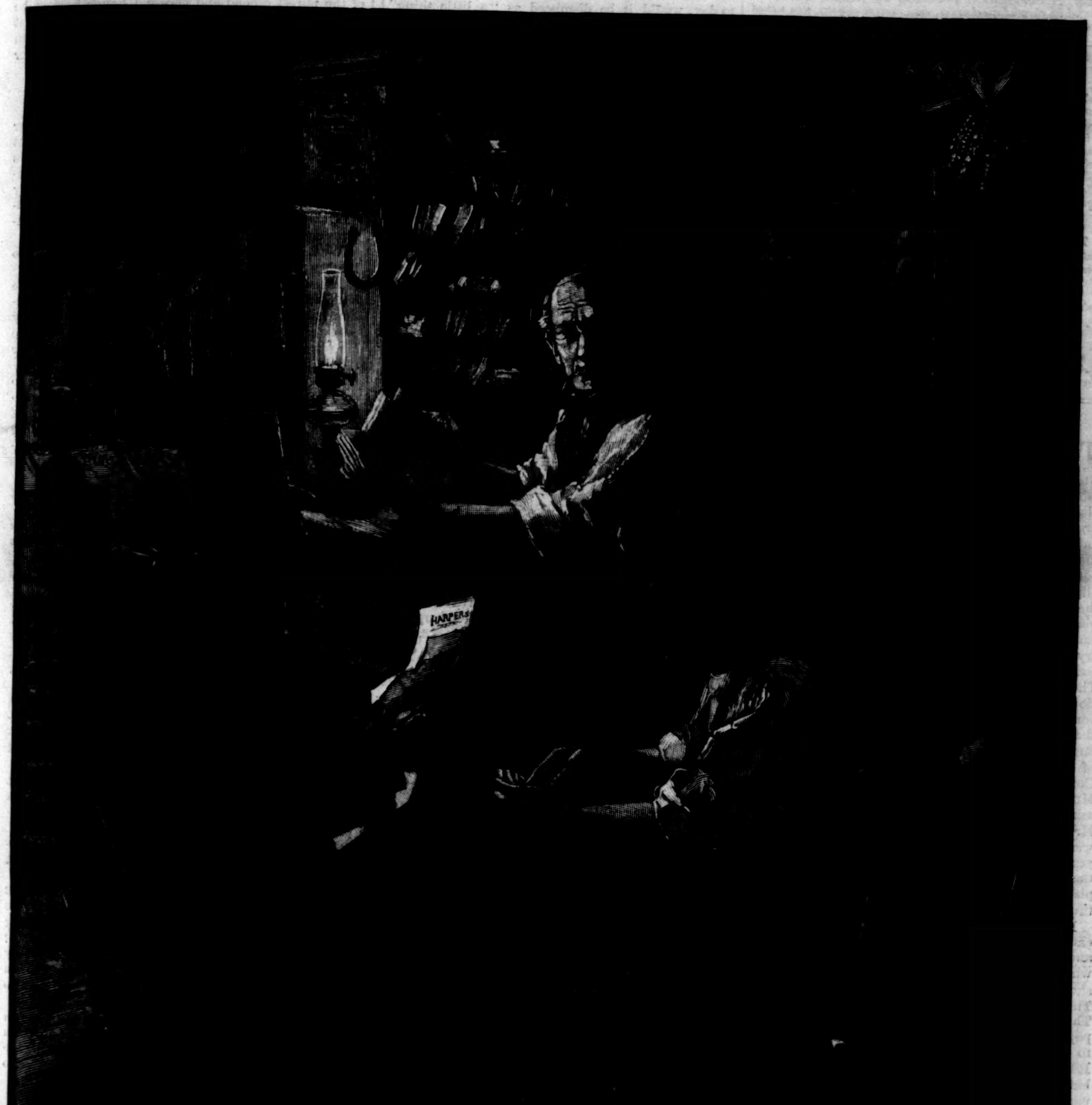


A POLITICAL POSER.

Should Mr. BLAINE be honored with the Presidency when his mere nomination has so shamefully lowered the moral tone of the Republican Party?

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, October 4, 1884.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, *and* Harper's Bazar *may be had for the years* 1881, 1882, *and* 1883. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders promptly. It is* Messrs. Harper & Brothers' *intention in future to keep the back numbers of these periodicals for three years only.*

☞ *A* Supplement *containing the* Blaine *letters, arranged in chronological order, with marginal notes, was issued gratuitously with the last number of* Harper's Weekly.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly,

Published September 30. This number is most beautifully illustrated. The drawings on the first and fourth pages illustrate Chapter VI. of the Serial Story "Wakulla," by Kirk Munroe. *"What is it Fauvette Sees?" is the title of a beautiful engraving accompanying a story called "Bébé and the Grand-duke," by* Eliot McCormick. *An article entitled "The Troubles of a Baby Guillemot" is admirably illustrated by* J. G. Beard. *The ninth page is filled by a beautiful reproduction of* Franz von Defregger's *exquisite painting entitled*

"A TYROLESE CHILD."

The letterpress is no less varied and entertaining than the illustrations. Among a number of most interesting stories and articles special attention may be called to

"THE CREST OF THE WHITE HAT,"

a story by Sherwood Bonner, *author of "Dialect Tales" and other popular stories for both young and old.*

Harper's Young People, $2 00 per Year.

A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp.*

A DEFENSIVE CAMPAIGN.

THE campaign thus far has fully justified the Republican opposition to the nomination of Mr. Blaine. It was plainly stated that it would inevitably divide the party, and compel a prolonged explanation and defense. The same reasons had been urged against his nomination in 1876. The Cincinnati *Commercial* asked in June of that year, "Can the party afford to go into the canvass with a candidate for whom apology or explanation will continually be required?" The Cincinnati *Gazette* said at the same time, "These letters will form Mr. Blaine's platform if he is nominated"; and again, "No man can successfully stand before the people of the country as the Republican candidate for the Presidency covered all over as Blaine is with his own letters." The Chicago *Tribune* said, "Mr. Blaine's nomination, under these circumstances, would be a virtual confession on the part of the Republican party either that it has no available candidate who has not been engaged in similar transactions, or that it approves of such conduct on the part of the men it sends to Congress." These things were said before the later Mulligan letters were known in which Mr. Blaine asks Mr. Fisher to testify to falsehoods in regard to Mr. Blaine's transactions. The same considerations were pressed against the Blaine nomination this year. But they were answered by the declaration that it would not be a campaign of defense and explanation, but of general aggression and universal enthusiasm.

Has it been such a campaign? It began with an emphatic and significant Republican protest and bolt, and the only aggression has been against Republicans who will not support a candidate whose own letters show him to be unworthy of a great official trust. The Blaine orators began by avoiding the real issue. The Blaine press ignored it. Even the chief Blaine paper cut out from speeches and letters all allusions to the main question. They all denounced bolting Republicans as traitors and deserters and contemptible turncoats. They raised the cry to "stand by the party." They courted the dynamite and the Butler vote. They misrepresented the executive acts of Governor Cleveland. They cherished and disseminated the Buffalo scandal. They tried to make the tariff the issue. But the real question remained immovable, although they avoided it as a burnt child the fire. Gradually the orators were compelled to attempt explanations. The papers began to defend the candidate. The candidate himself made one desperate effort to force protection into the debate. But he was answered by a fresh and fatal publication of Mulligan letters, and after shivering for a moment astounded, the organs broke into an angry chorus of defense and explanation, and a frantic cry that a letter entreating a man to tell a falsehood vindicated the honor of the suppliant, and that the man whom Mr. Blaine besought to give him a certificate of character was an unspeakable scoundrel. To-day there is one issue, and but one, before the country—an issue fully recognized by every intelligent voter—and that is whether the author of the Mulligan letters shall be elected President of the United States.

The latest device of the defensive campaign is to print the letters, and declare them to be a private business correspondence. This attempt has the fatuity of all the rest. The abuse of public place to promote private advantage is not private business. It is a public concern of the most important character. It is a question of honest or dishonest government, of national honor or national disgrace. Some of the Blaine orators allude contemptuously to the conduct which the correspondence reveals as "a little thing." But if the author of the letters were not a candidate for the Presidency, is there any doubt what every right-minded man would think of the transactions which they reveal? If a similar correspondence of Jefferson, or Madison, or old John Adams, or of his son John Quincy Adams, should be discovered to-day, would it be dismissed as "a little thing"? Would not every honorable American feel ashamed that such a man had been President, and rejoice to think that had the truth been known he could not have been elected? One orator asks whether Germany would lose the services of Bismarck or England of Gladstone because of the disclosure of such correspondence. The government of Germany is not one of public opinion. But Gladstone could never re-appear in public life should such evidence of his abuse of official trust be made public. The perversions, evasions, subterfuges, and shallow sophistries of the attempted defense by reputable men of these indefensible transactions of a candidate for the Presidency are illustrations of the alarming toleration of such practices among public men which made the nomination possible. Eight years ago the Cincinnati *Commercial* said: "The troublesome fact is that there is a low tone of public morality in the estimation of the uses of public position for private gain." The speeches of some conspicuous Republicans in this campaign are painful illustrations of that tone. Mr. William Walter Phelps suggested as an excuse for Mr. Blaine that if he were guilty, Mr. Edmunds had done the same thing—an assertion of which Mr. Edmunds very summarily disposed. At Chicago the supporters of Mr. Blaine repeated that just as bad things could be shown of Mr. Edmunds as of Mr. Blaine—as if every public man had his Mulligan letters to explain—and therefore that it was hypercritical to object to trafficking in office as a reason against the Blaine nomination. The central question of the campaign, whether such abuse of official trust and such unveracity as are exposed by the Mulligan letters shall disqualify a man for the Presidency, is one of the most significant that can be presented to the country. But it is one also which necessarily produces a most personal and repulsive canvass. Such a canvass, however, was precipitated upon the country by the nomination of Mr. Blaine, which postponed every consideration to that of the official integrity of the candidate.

CAPTIOUS CRITICS.

In a recent speech advocating the election of Mr. Blaine, Judge Hoar is reported to have said, in allusion to independent Republicans:

> "And I would say to them, further, that one of the lessons of my life, now somewhat advanced, has been the lesson of modesty, to feel that the collective judgment of great masses of men is entitled to more respect, where they have every source of information, than the conclusions of any small number of captious critics."

It is certainly true that critics who merely find fault are not good guides, but this remark at this time in a campaign speech, and alluding to independent Republicans, means that when a nomination is made by a party Convention it should be supported because it is the act of the majority. This is but another form of the familiar Blaine argument of this campaign, that a regular nomination ought to be accepted as the conclusive vindication of a candidate from all injurious charges. When Senator Hoar made a similar remark in his reply to Mr. Schurz's speech, Mr. Schurz asked him, in turn, whether the Senator regarded General Butler's election as Governor of Massachusetts to be his complete vindication from the charges against him? Judge Hoar was in the minority at that election, but no one who knows him—and to know him is to respect him—can believe that "the collective judgment of great masses of men" altered his opinion of General Butler as a candidate for Governor, or would persuade him to vote for General Butler for the Presidency.

If the argument which is urged upon independent Republicans had been successfully urged upon "a small number of captious critics" in the Whig and Democratic parties thirty years ago, there would have been no Republican party. If the argument were valid, there could be no political progress through change of parties, because the change always begins with the minority. The Conscience Whigs and the Free-soil Democrats were "a small number of captious critics" who questioned "the collective judgment of the great masses" of the two parties. If they had distrusted themselves because they were a minority, the old Whig and Democratic parties would have remained unchanged, and a man who had once voted with either must have continued always to support its measures and vote for its candidates, however he may have disapproved them, because "a small number of captious critics" ought not to question "the collective judgment of great masses."

The argument is certainly no stronger in the case of a candidate than of a policy. If a Whig or Democrat was justified, as nobody in his senses would deny, in declining to support the Whig or Democratic party when they refused to adopt an antislavery policy, a Republican is unquestionably justified in refusing to vote for a candidate whom he believes to be unworthy, and for the same reason, namely, that both the adoption of the pro-slavery policy and the election of the unworthy candidate would be injurious to the public welfare. If the advocates of Mr. Blaine are reduced to saying that an intelligent Republican ought to admit that the Mulligan letters show him to be a man of the purest official and personal honor because he is the regularly nominated candidate of the party, it is because the advocates can not honorably explain those letters, and have no valid argument to offer for his election.

A FEW QUESTIONS.

If Mr. Blaine's "only desire is that every voter in the United States might read the letters," and that "every Republican paper would publish the letters in full," and if there is "not a word in them not entirely consistent with the most scrupulous integrity and honor," why was he so terrified lest Mr. Mulligan should lay them before the committee of Congress and the country?

Was it because he feared that the final letter to Mr. Fisher would be found among them?

If they were such perfectly simple and honorable letters, treating of wholly private business transactions, that Mr. Blaine hopes they may be universally published and read, why have the papers which are his especial organs carefully avoided publishing or alluding to them until he gave the word?

If Mr. Blaine's letter entreating Mr. Fisher to copy and return the draft of a letter which he inclosed, proposed, as he said, an honorable telling of the truth, and if, as Mr. Blaine said in the House, "wherever concealment is desirable, avoidance is advisable," why did he ask Mr. Fisher to "regard this letter as strictly confidential"?

Why did Mr. Blaine urge Mr. Fisher, "Do not show it to any one"?

Why did he say to Mr. Fisher, "the draft is in the hands [hand] of my clerk, who is as trustworthy as any man can be"?

Why did he finally charge Mr. Fisher, "Burn this letter"?

If Mr. Fisher had burned the letter after copying the draft which Mr. Blaine sent to him, and had sent the draft to Mr. Blaine as requested, did Mr. Blaine intend to state that the letter which he received from Mr. Fisher was written by himself, and not by Mr. Fisher?

If he did not, did he mean to show the letter as Mr. Fisher's spontaneous tribute to Mr. Blaine's innocence?

If he did, was it a proceeding "entirely consistent with the most scrupulous integrity and honor"?

Is the publication of a letter which proves that Mr. Blaine intended to impose upon the country a letter of his own as a letter of Mr. Fisher's a "complete and thorough vindication" of his character?

Was Mr. Blaine's subsequent appointment as Senator by the Governor of Maine a proof that he did not write the letter to Mr. Fisher?

Did President Garfield's selection of Mr. Blaine as Secretary of State show that Mr. Blaine told the truth when he said that he bought his Little Rock bonds "at precisely the same rates that others paid"?

Does Mr. Blaine's nomination for the Presidency prove that he did not ask Mr. Fisher to write him a letter asserting what other letters of his own show to be untrue?

Is a man who asked another man to testify to an untruth in order to conceal violations of his own official honor, and who intended to appeal to the testimony as an unsolicited act of justice, a fit person to be elected President of the United States?

"A YOUNG REPUBLICAN."

"A Young Republican" asks us how it is that we are willing to bring into power a party which we have taught him and others to distrust. But to keep it out of power would he have us advise him to vote for a dishonest candidate for the Presidency? That is the question which must decide his vote. The real question is not whether he prefers the traditions and original principles of the Republican party, but whether he will vote for a Presidential candidate who has made private gain of his office. If he distrusts the Democratic party because of its conduct, how can he sustain the conduct of the Republican party in nominating such a candidate? How does he judge parties but by the agents whom they select, as well as by the policies which they advocate?

If "A Young Republican" has read this paper carefully, he knows that it has always advised him to scratch unworthy candidates. If it has taught him distrust of the Democratic party, it is not only because of its slavery traditions, but because of just such want of political morality as that which the Republican nomination illustrates. And when Republicans themselves raise the issue between supporting an upright, courageous, and independent officer for the highest executive trust, and an officer who jobs and traffics in his place, it is not a party question; it is a question of official honesty, and this paper urges the support of the honest man. The question of "A Young Republican" assumes that "the party" is the paramount and final consideration in an election. Generally this is true, because generally the candidate does not present an issue in himself. But when he does, he takes precedence of the party. The doctrine of "principles, not men," does not require the support of unfit agents to carry out principles. On the contrary, it is a betrayal of principles to intrust their application to unworthy men. This was the ground which the New York *Tribune* took twelve years ago, just after the war, when it supported the Democratic candidates against the Republican candidates, and declared that Mr. Hendricks was "an honest jurist, an able and incorruptible statesman, and a wise politician," and when it said, "We will not be deterred from this labor [of reform] by those who strive to arouse evil passions that party supremacy may be maintained."

"A Young Republican" will not forget that to vote against a candidate is not necessarily to vote against a party. The Republicans in the Brunswick district in Maine who voted against Mr. Reed for Congress voted for the rest of the Republican ticket. Many Republicans in Ohio who will vote for Mr. Cleveland in November will vote for the Republican State ticket in October. And in New York Republicans who will vote for Mr. Cleveland will at the same time vote for worthy Republican members of Congress. The Republicans in 1882 who voted for Mr. Cleveland as against Mr. Folger, or who aided Mr. Cleveland's election by staying at home, voted the next year for Republican members of the Legislature. We advise "A Young Republican" to regard his party as an instrument to promote the public welfare, and to understand that the public welfare can not be promoted by voting, under the plea of supporting his party, for a man who makes merchandise of public office.

MR. SCHURZ IN OHIO.

Mr. Schurz's speeches in the West have been heard by thousands of persons, and every speech has been a calm, earnest, and convincing presentation of the true issue of the campaign. He does not attack or defend either the Republican or the Democratic party. He simply shows, and with masterly clearness, that to vote for Mr. Blaine is to vote for a trafficker in official influence, and to vote for Mr. Cleveland is to support a brave and incorruptible public officer for the Presidency. Mr. Schurz speaks both in English and German, and the impression and effect of his strong and temperate appeals to the intelligence and patriotism of the West are very great.

He is assailed, of course, with the most reckless falsehoods. Among them is the assertion that he is largely paid for his speeches by Democratic committees. There is no more reason that a political speaker should give his time and services gratuitously than a political editor, and very generous offers of remuneration are often made. But Mr. Schurz is not paid. A correspondent of the New York *Times* says:

> "Mr. Schurz was asked if he had seen the statement that he is receiving $250 a speech from the Democratic managers. 'Yes,' was his reply; 'I have noticed that such a story is being circulated. The Springfield *Republican* says the story was invented by McCullogh, of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. The facts are that I am not receiving one cent from any source for my speeches in the contest, and that I am paying all my own travelling expenses. I am simply doing what I consider my imperative duty—warning the people against turning over the administration of the national government to a self-convicted corrupt man. I can not think they will do it.'"

PLAIN SPEECH.

The Rev. Thomas R. Bacon, of New Haven, son of the late Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, has written a very emphatic letter to a Blaine newspaper which had misrepresented his views. He says that

> "either Blaine or Cleveland is to be the next President of the United States. Every voter, whether he casts his vote for either of these men, or for St. John or Butler, or not at all, will contribute directly or indirectly toward putting one of these men in office. No voter can now escape from this dilemma. He must, whether he likes it or not, contribute to one result or the other."

Mr. Bacon speaks frankly of Governor Cleveland. He then speaks with equal frankness of Mr. Blaine; and that a clergyman of the best character should be willing to speak of a candidate for the Presidency in such terms shows how deep is the feeling of outrage produced by the nomination. Mr. Bacon says:

> "Mr. Blaine stands accused of an offense of another sort. The evidence is mainly documentary, and is in his own handwriting, and to my mind is absolutely convincing. This proven charge is that Mr. Blaine is guilty of getting other persons' money in illegitimate ways. In short, Mr. Blaine is a thief. This word is not parliamentary, but it will serve weakly to convey my meaning. It seems necessary to use vigorous language to persons who decline to understand such obscure circumlocutions as that 'Mr. Blaine has used public office as a means of private gain.' It is fortunately not my duty, nor the duty of any man, to determine which hath the greater sin. That may be left to a more competent tribunal. But to the question, which I must decide for myself, Which of these evils most thoroughly disqualifies a man for executive office? I can see but one answer."

Mr. Bacon accepts what he believes to be the alternative, but without any "complacency," and with regret. But he tries to deceive neither himself nor others. The choice is between Blaine and Cleveland.

> "One of them will be elected, whether I am complacent or not. And as it seems to me that the election of one will be far more calamitous to the public interests than the other, I shall vote, and if I can I shall influence others to vote, for Grover Cleveland."

Mr. Bacon does not wheedle himself into the extraordinary fancy that it is his duty to support a party by voting for a candidate whom he believes to be dishonest.

THE YOUNG REPUBLICANS OF BROOKLYN.

The Young Republican Club in Brooklyn has decided by a large majority at a late meeting to support Mr. Blaine. Many of the anti-Blaine Republicans did not attend, and the result will be a division and practical dissolution of the club.

The decision is hailed with delight by the Blaine organs, but plainly without reason. A club of young Republicans might be expected as of course to support the party candidate for the Presidency unanimously and with enthusiasm. But a nomination which divides and dissolves it, even with a large majority in favor of the candidate, reveals a fatal division of the party at a time when the success of the candidate requires a full and united vote.

The situation in this club is a significant sign of the times. In the large minority who will not vote for Mr. Blaine are some of the strongest Republicans and most efficient workers. We are afraid that Judge Hoar would call them captious critics. But however they may respect their censor, they will certainly not vote for the hero of the Mulligan record.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

The present season of championship matches at base-ball, now drawing to a close, has, it must be owned, decidedly strengthened the claim of this athletic sport to be recognized as the national game of America. Not only does it remain distinctively an American sport, but it is played more perfectly year after year, while the number of its devotees has become astonishing.

If base-ball is destined to pass into history as the great popular game of our country, there is nothing to be ashamed of either in the nature of the sport itself or in the degree of skill exhibited by its leading votaries. With the Greeks and Romans ball-playing was in all ages a favorite gymnastic pastime. Homer mentions it, and references are made to it throughout the Latin writers of the later empire. The wits of to-day like to jest at the high emoluments paid to renowned pitchers and catchers compared with the wages of a clerk or a hod-carrier; but the men of classic Athens raised a statue to Aristonicus for his prowess at the game of ball. There were special instructors for the game in the large gymnasia, and apartments for its practice. At least five different games of ball are spoken of by the ancients, and one of them largely depended on the exercise of a craft and quickness analogous to what the modern pitcher employs when, being expected to throw the ball so as to "nip" a man at first base, he suddenly delivers it instead to the batsman. Batting, however, does not seem to have formed any part of the classic games: their experts might astonish ours in throwing and catching, but we should "down" them in handling the willow.

Those who look upon the game of ball with disfavor grimly reckon up the annual crop of broken fingers, and dilate upon the nuisance caused by urchins who practice throwing along the city thoroughfares. But we must not forget the counterpoising gain of elasticity and alertness of eye and muscle among American youth. Amateur clubs flourish everywhere, from the Stock Exchange and the composing-room to the factory and the school bench, and half a dozen professional associations or systems are now required where one a few years since sufficed to supply the demand for skilled contests between professional nines.

The excitement of these contests has this year on several occasions made the umpire's position only less perilous than that of a Czar, although no umpire has yet been attacked by the spectators with dynamite bombs. It is fair, however, to say that cricket, both in England and Australia, has witnessed disorders as great, and that, so far as betting is the inciting cause, this practice is more in vogue at horse-races than at base-ball.

THE PRIME MERIDIAN.

Before this number of the Weekly reaches its more distant circle of readers an International Conference will have assembled in Washington to fix upon a zero of longitude. The movement for this purpose was initiated about two years ago, when Congress passed a resolution requesting the President to call such a conference. The invitations were duly sent through the usual diplomatic channels to all the governments in friendly relations with our own, and the date of the gathering was set for the 1st of October, 1884. So promptly and warmly was the project taken up by all the leading mercantile nations of the globe that we are warranted in looking for results of high scientific and commercial importance.

That the whole world, in these days of universal intercourse, should reckon time from a common standard, can hardly be questioned. But, as a fact, we have different prime meridians in different lands—Greenwich, Washington, Paris, Amsterdam, Berlin, San Fernando, and so on. Some countries in a part of their maps use one prime and in a part use another. Again, the division into east and west longitude is itself a source of confusion, and in some cases of peril. When especially the place to be indicated on a chart is very near the prime, it is evident that a little carelessness or accident, by which W. becomes substituted for E., or E. for W., may cause a deal of trouble, and in some instances great danger.

To reduce these conflicting primes to one which all nations will consent to adopt is, then, the object of the October Conference at Washington, it being also contemplated to make a straight-away course of 360 degrees around the globe, instead of reckoning, as now, 180 degrees half-way about, then reversing and falling back to 0 degrees. Even Macaulay's typical school-boy, who is so versed in recondite lore, might well rise up to bless the labors of this Conference should they result in erasing from the school maps of his country the double reckonings from two primes which now confuse them. But academic instruction is a far less important element in this matter than practical navigation.

It is possible that the Conference may also essay international uniformity in weights and measures. This is a much more difficult and complicated subject, on which harmony could by no means be so confidently anticipated.

PERSONAL.

When the play *The Lady of Lyons* was first brought out it was not known that Lord Lytton was the author. Between the acts, Dickens met Lytton and asked him what he thought of it. Lytton pretended to think slightingly of the production, and mentioned some of its short-comings. "Come, now," replied Dickens, who was enthusiastic over it, "it is not like you, Bulwer, to cavil at such small things as those. The man who wrote the play may have imitated your work here and there, perhaps, but he was a deuced clever fellow, for all that. To hear you speak so is almost enough to make one think that you are jealous." In a fortnight Lytton's authorship of the work was published, and Dickens felt cold the next time he met him.

—George Sand had beautiful hands, fingers, and nails, but an inelegant figure. She earned more than $220,000 with her pen, and spent all but $4000 of it, chiefly in entertaining her friends. She played the piano with great dexterity.

—General Gresham, of Indiana, is well fitted to succeed Mr. Folger as Secretary of the Treasury. He served with great distinction as an officer in the civil war, and for several years afterward was a judge of the United States District Court. In April last he was appointed Postmaster-General, and the straightforward, energetic, and efficient manner in which he has administered this important office has added to the favor with which he was regarded by the people. The appointment gives general satisfaction throughout the country. A portrait of the new Secretary is given on page 651.

—"Here in France," wrote Heinrich Heine, "my German name Heinrich was, immediately on my arrival in Paris, translated into Henri. I had to submit to it, and was finally obliged to call myself so, because the word Heinrich does not suit a French ear, and because the French make everything as comfortable to themselves as possible. Even the name Henri Heine can never be pronounced quite correctly: most of them call me M. Enri Enn; many contract this into Enrienne, and some even give me the appellation M. Un Rien. This hurts me in many ways, especially with regard to my literary occupation; it is, however, in another way a benefit to me. For instance, among my fine countrymen who come to Paris there are some who would like to calumniate me, but as they always pronounce my name in the German language, the French never even imagine that the wicked fellow and poisoner of the fountains of innocence about whom these gentlemen are fearfully raving is identical with their friend M. Enrienne."

—Mr. John W. Garrett, late president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, whose portrait is given on page 651, was one of the most successful business men of Maryland. As railroad president and banker he amassed a very large fortune. He was an active citizen, one of the trustees of the Johns Hopkins University, and was connected with numerous other local institutions. Some years ago he was much interested in politics, and was at one time spoken of as a possible Democratic candidate for Governor of Maryland. He refused, however, to permit the use of his name. Mr. Garrett was sixty-four years of age at the time of his death.

—A friend of Charles Reade's relates the following: A poor lady whom we had both known well in the heyday of her youth and beauty, the widow of a mutual friend—a distinguished actor and manager—had married again in haste and repented at leisure. This haughty and imperious beauty was struck down with a mortal malady. She wrote one line: "Dear Charles Reade,—I am ill, dying, in want." He was in her miserable garret as soon as the first hansom could take him there. Two hours afterward he had removed her to decent apartments, placed her under the charge of a Sister of Mercy and one of the most eminent physicians in London. It was too late to save, but not too late to soothe her last moments and to surround her with everything that Reade's generous care could provide.

—Mr. Labouchere on the Peers: "The Peers are very wealthy. Since 1850 the twenty-eight dukes of the House of Lords and their families have received from the tax-payers £9,760,000, the thirty-three marquises and their families have had £8,303,950, and the two hundred earls and their families have had £48,181,202. How have they earned this money? By opposing, mutilating, or rejecting every valuable bill sent up to them. They have again and again rejected bills enlarging the franchise, reforming municipalities, relieving Catholics, Dissenters, and Jews of civil disabilities, putting an end to bribery at elections, educating the masses, and harmonizing our land laws with the spirit of the age."

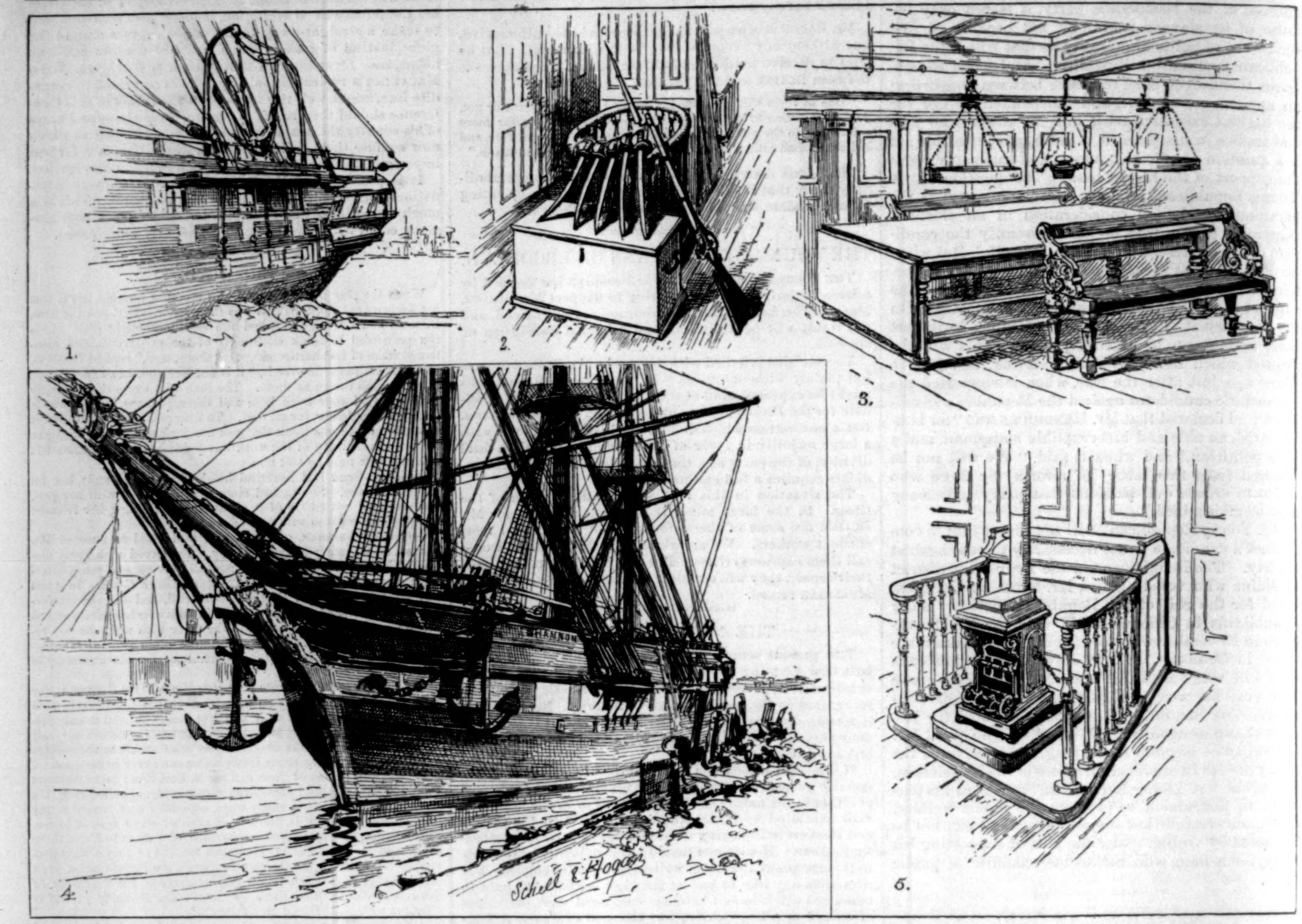
—The late Henry G. Bohn, the publisher, was a fine-looking man, who enjoyed society, and gave many entertainments at his country-seat in Twickenham. His voice was of delightful *timbre;* it was pleasant to listen to it, no matter what he was saying. He was one of the pioneers of cheap editions of solid literature.

—The father of Dante Gabriel Rossetti was an Italian, the mother an English woman born of Italian parents. The poet's accent always retained a trace of his Italian descent.

—Mr. Parnell has withdrawn from the noise of political contest to the peace of hunting grouse in the mountains of County Wicklow, Ireland. He has excellent dogs and trusty guns.

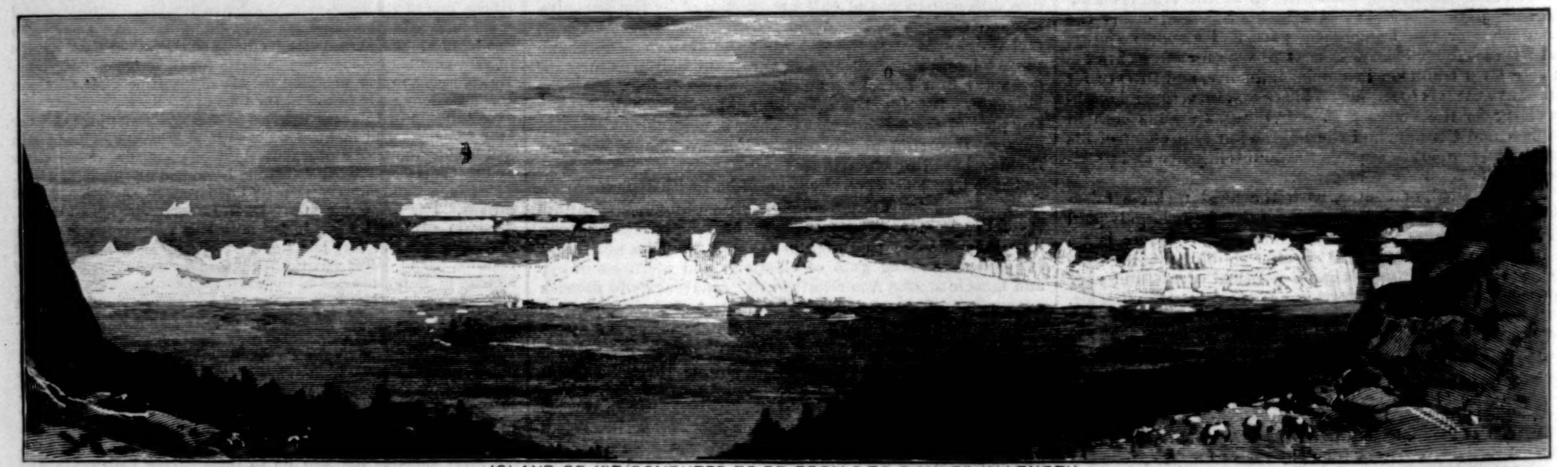
—The late Countess-dowager of Seafield, England, was in the habit of sleeping in a room by herself, without means of calling a servant. One night she was seized with a sudden illness, and while on her way out of the room to procure help, fell on the floor, and lay there until morning. Her friends believe that her life might have been saved had she received assistance promptly.

—The Earl of Shaftesbury, in proposing recently the health of Mr. Fawcett, the British Postmaster-General said: "Mr. Fawcett is a remarkable instance of intellectual power, diligence, and research, and of a capacity of mind seldom exhibited. His blindness, which you would have thought would have shut him out from every political pursuit, has in some measure been a great facility to him. It has compelled him to cultivate the faculty of memory, and that wonderful man can make estimates, discuss any subject, and go through any calculation of figures without any assistance whatever, except the assistance that his memory affords him. I have heard Mr. Fawcett say, and say with vigor and truth: "Don't talk to us blind people with a sentiment of commiseration. We like to have your sympathy, but we don't want your commiseration.' He is right, and he has proved that it is not needed, and all I can say is that if blindness brings with it such intellectual powers and patriotism as his, then I wish that I and every Englishman in the country were as blind as he."

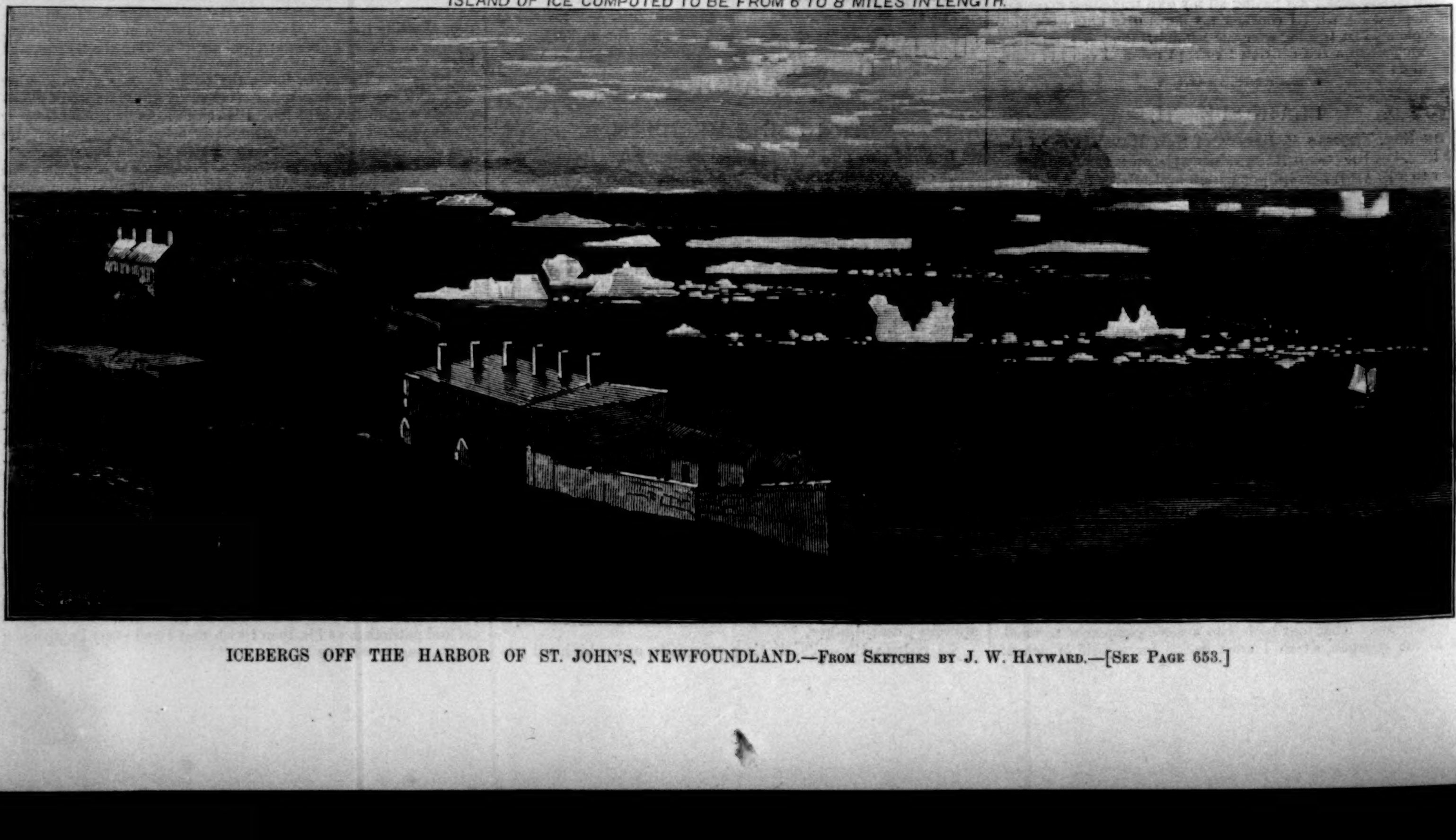


THE OLD BRITISH FRIGATE "THE SHANNON."—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 653.]

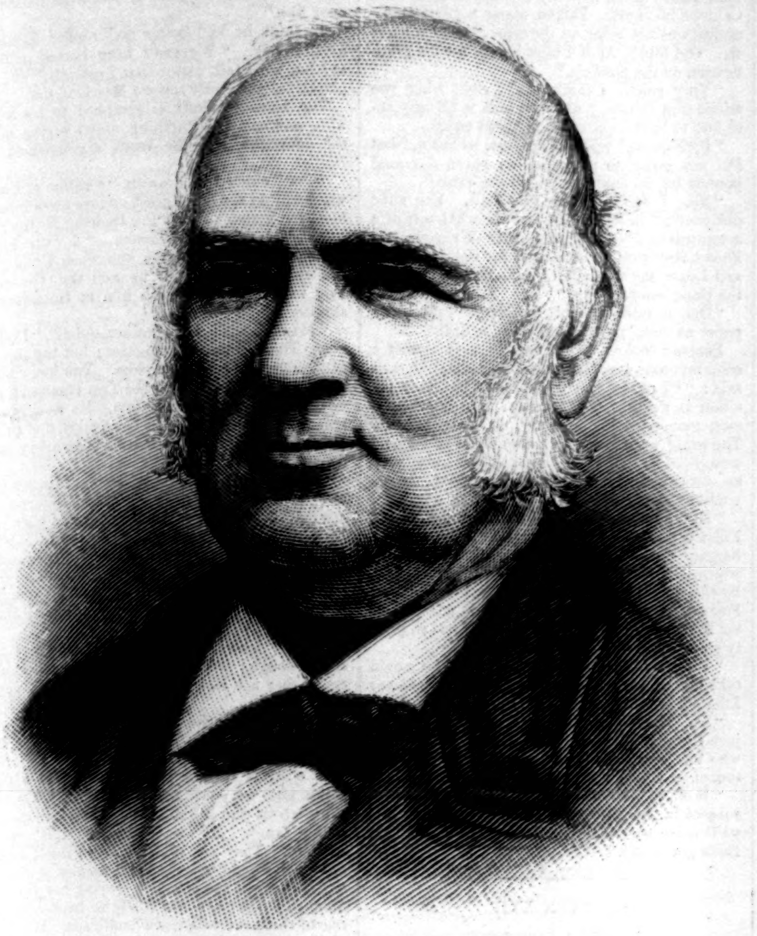
1. Part of the Stern. 2. Old Cutlasses and Musket. 3. Part of the Cabin, with the original Table. 4. Present appearance of the Vessel. 5. Stove, etc.



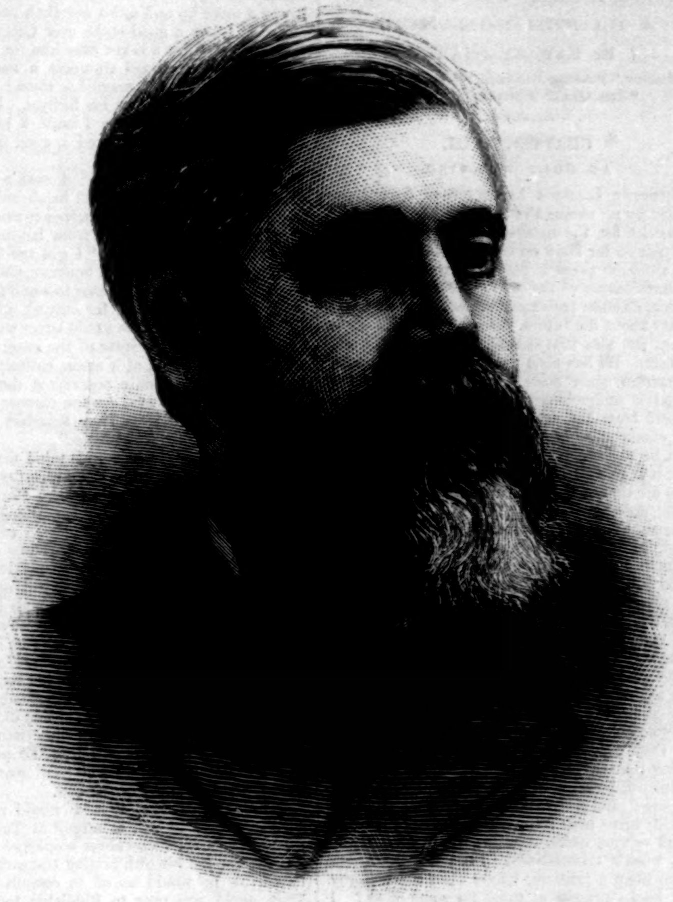
ISLAND OF ICE COMPUTED TO BE FROM 6 TO 8 MILES IN LENGTH.



ICEBERGS OFF THE HARBOR OF ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.—From Sketches by J. W. Hayward.—[See Page 653.]



THE LATE JOHN W. GARRETT.
Photographed by Gutekunst.—[See Page 649.]



THE HON. W. Q. GRESHAM, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.
Photographed by Bell.—[See Page 649.]

THE LATE SEABURY BREWSTER.

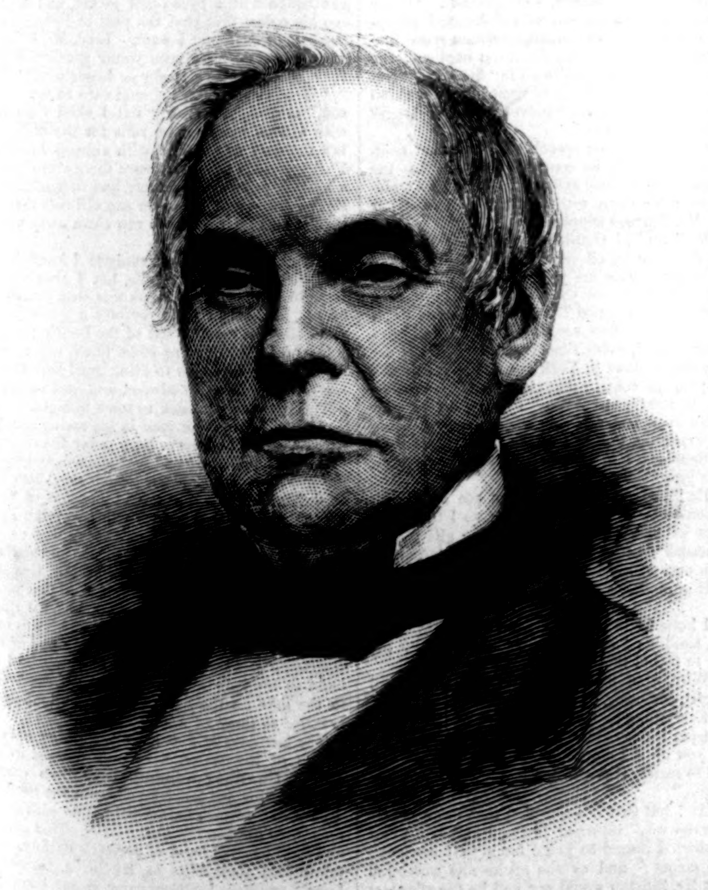
Guests of the New York Hotel during the last thirty years did not fail to notice an old resident of the place whom the proprietor, the clerks, and the habitués were wont to treat with manifest respect, and whom the breakfast hour always saw seated in front of a simple bowl of porridge and milk. It was generally understood that the venerable, smooth-faced, gray-haired gentleman was rich, wifeless, and childless; but a favorite nephew often appeared with him, and the companionship of excellent fellows was his daily pleasure. On the way into the dining-room he always took his old high hat with him, and placed it on a chair next to his own, afraid that if left on the rack in the hall it would be stolen. One day, after winning a new hat on a wager, he put the shining possession in the usual place, where a neighbor inadvertently sat upon it. Mr. **Seabury Brewster** bore his misfortune without repining, and the next morning appeared again with the old hat that had been his friend for twenty years or less.

His habits were as regular as clock-work. At 8.30 o'clock he would make his appearance in the breakfast-room, talking in a voice loud enough to be heard by every other guest present, and by 9.30 o'clock he was on his way down-town to Nos. 627 and 629 Broadway, the marble-fronted five-story buildings that for many years have remained untenanted. Mr. **Brewster**'s reason for not renting them was that the price he had fixed was higher than business men could afford to pay, and as he would not let them for less, he had to allow them to stand unoccupied. He had an office there, and managed his real estate interests daily. At noon a hot luncheon was sent to him from the hotel.

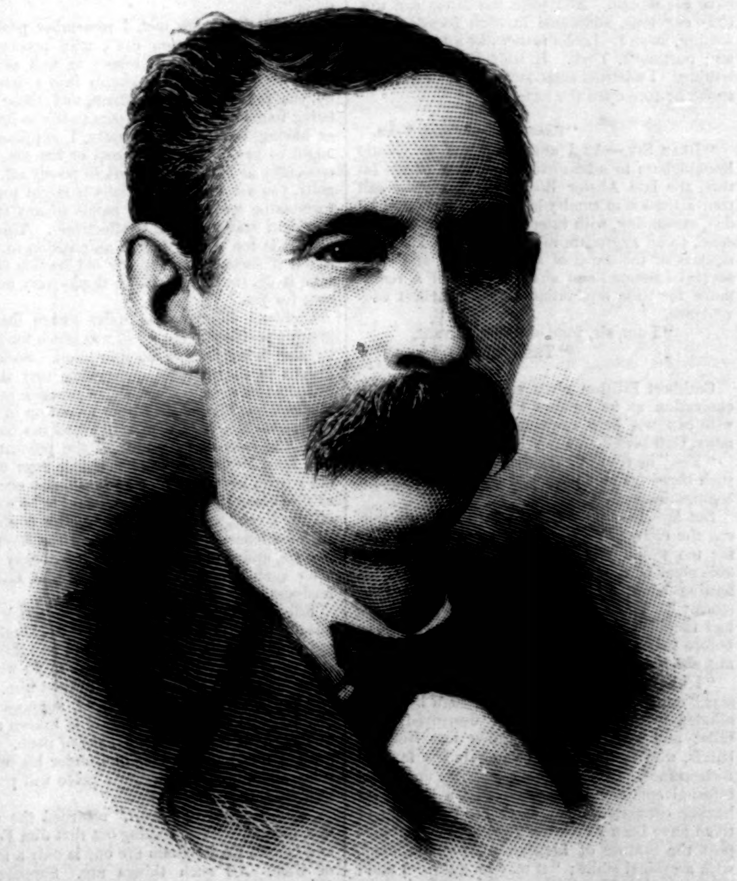
He never lounged about the hotel in the day-time, but at seven o'clock in the evening was seen regularly reading his favorite afternoon paper. An editor of a rival paper once said, jocosely, "You would rent your buildings if you advertised in my paper." "Oh!" replied the veteran, "the paper I read is the only respectable paper in the city of New York. If I had daughters, I would never let any other paper come into my house."

His favorite topic of conversation with young men whom he met for the first time was, "Have you a bank account?" On one occasion he put the question to a well-known New-Yorker, twenty-five years of age, who was boarding at the same hotel. "No, sir, I haven't," was the reply. "Then, my friend, take my advice: instead of the thirty odd dollars a week you are spending here, devote ten dollars a week elsewhere, and put the remaining twenty in bank, and in five years you will thank me for this advice." Sometimes Mr. **Brewster** offered to start a deposit account for a promising young man if the latter would agree to keep adding to it, and thus was laid the foundation of more than one fortune.

Mr. **Brewster** died of Bright's disease, on Saturday morning, September 20, in his eighty-third year, after a very painful illness of two weeks, which was borne with great patience and courage. His property goes to his nephew, Mr. **William E. Brewster**. He will be greatly missed and mourned by hundreds whose lives he brightened.



THE LATE SEABURY BREWSTER.—From a Crayon Portrait.



THE LATE JERRY McAULEY.—Photographed by Wagner & Co.—[See Page 653.]

FROM POST TO FINISH.*

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

Author of "Breezie Langton," "Bound to Win," "The Great Tontine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN UGLY WARNING.

Cuthbert Elliston has returned from Newmarket by no means the better either in temper or pocket for the excursion. The successes of last year so far show no signs of being repeated, and although there is plenty of time yet before the termination of the year's racing for fortune to turn, Elliston feels unaccountably nervous and uneasy about the future. He can not divest himself of the idea that Gerald is destined to work his ruin. He has been perilously near that consummation upon more than one occasion, and looked it unflinchingly in the face, extricating himself from his difficulties by some not very scrupulous piece of audacity; but, like all gamblers, he was superstitious. All racing men know what it is to "strike a streak of bad luck." Now there are times when it seems impossible for them to win, do what they may, and they are all prone to account for it by some adverse influence. One well-known owner of an extensive training establishment I remember, who firmly believed there would be no luck attend his jacket if the silk was not of the exact hue. A shade too dark or too light he believed to be fatal, and the material was invariably procured from a particular shop in Paris.

We all know how a jockey loves, if possible, in a big race, to don an old jacket for luck—to wear at Epsom the garment in which he has already snatched the Blue Ribbon for his employer. Cuthbert Elliston could not shake off the feeling that Gerald in the saddle meant disaster to him—Elliston. His letters lie by his plate unopened, and his tea is still untouched, as he moodily turns over the pages of a small morocco-bound volume which contains the records of the past week's transactions. Does the Recording Angel keep a grimmer ledger than those dainty little books present at times for some of us? I trow not.

"Yes, I've a good bit of money to find for this afternoon," he muttered, "and I ought to have been a winner, too; but my luck's clean out. They always run good seconds when I back them; whenever I see that young whelp's black face I know I sha'n't do right. Who the devil could have thought when I hurled that taunt at him at Cranley, and recommended him to turn pad-groom or gamekeeper, that he would take to race riding for his living, and that Bill Greyson, of all men, should be the one to give him his first mount, and that it should be on a horse of mine! Now for these," and he turned to his letters. "Hum! 'In great want of money—begs to forward his Michaelmas account;' as if there ever was any one who wasn't in great want of money. 'Will I put young Rattleton up for the Pantheon?' Well, I suppose I must. It won't matter; supercilious young beast! I'll take very good care he don't get in. 'Pibroch is galloping great guns; keep your eye on him at Goodwood. They mean business with him in one of the handicaps.—Yours truly, Joe Stubbs.' He's a sharp fellow in his vocation, Stubbs, and his hint's worth attending to. I suppose my cursed cousin will have the mount. Ah! what the deuce can this blue envelope, addressed in such formal handwriting, mean? Looks rather like a lawyer's letter; postmark, York. It isn't Pearson's handwriting. I mistrust such documents;" and as he spoke he tore open the letter.

"Parliament Street, York.

"Dear Sir,—As I am authorized by Gerald Rockingham to administer the estate of his father, the late Alister Rockingham, I must call your attention to sundry bills of yours, long since due, amounting, with interest thereon at five per cent., to an aggregate of £6847. I inclose particulars of the dates of the said bills, and their several amounts, and shall be glad of a remittance for their liquidation at your earliest convenience.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,
"Theophilus Writson."

Cuthbert Elliston gives vent to so savage an execration as he finishes this missive that his wife can not help exclaiming, "You have bad news, Cuthbert."

"Yes," he retorts, roughly; "men don't invoke such blessings as I have just done over pleasant communications."

But Mrs. Elliston was too weather-wise to pursue the conversation. She knew her lord's face far too well. The glass had shown unmistakable signs of depression as he pondered over his betting-book, and had now dropped to "set stormy." To carry on the metaphor, experience had taught Mrs. Elliston the wisdom of running before the gale; and, without further questioning, she quietly beat a retreat.

"I knew that boy was destined to be my evil star," muttered Elliston. "So, though he never alluded to them, Alister never destroyed those bills; and now they have fallen into Gerald's hands, who is not likely to imitate his father's forbearance. How they have mounted up to that infernal compound interest—trust a lawyer for having computed them at that—and some of them have been running a good bit now; almost past the Statute of Limitations," he continued, with a cynical smile; "it may be quite. I don't know whether I can't dispute them. I must see Pearson about them. I don't pay close on £7000 if I can help it. They think I'm in funds now; that I had a good year last year. So I had; but it was a more up and down one than people fancied. If I won a good stake over Caterham for the Guineas, I lost a raker over him for the Derby. The world always trumpets a man's winnings, and, as a rule, magnifies them; but, like himself, it is mute about his losings. It wasn't till Phaeton won the Leger I made a real haul; and this season has knocked a good deal of it down."

Elliston was so far right. A man's reverses on the turf are talked about in absurd disproportion to his winnings. Apropos to this, I knew a man who dated his ruin from landing £3000 over Gladiateur's Derby. "I got the credit of having won ten," he would murmur, plaintively; "and every one I owed money to—and they were many—thought the time for cutting up the victim had arrived; that he would never wax fatter. Telling them the real state of the case, and that I dropped two-thirds of it again, entirely *in their interests*, at Ascot, only occasioned derisive incredulity, and they *went* for the carcass like the vultures of the East. They smashed me, and benefited themselves but little."

Elliston rapidly made up his mind that on the matter of those bills it was necessary that he should have his partner's advice. Pearson had not directly benefited by them, though, as he had managed the raising money to meet them for the late Squire when they became due, it is quite possible that he had fairish pickings out of the transaction. Sam Pearson had seen more than one sporting spendthrift through his patrimony, and, whatever they might do, he apparently throve upon it. "Go to Pearson; he'll see you through it; he never makes difficulties!" was quite a stereotyped cry amongst the impecunious of Yorkshire; and it was quite true, as long as there was any security, Pearson would and did find the money at very short notice, but the victims themselves hardly liked to allude to the price they paid for it. "Going to Pearson" was, indeed, usually the beginning of the end.

Elliston determined that he would run up to York. To-day he had to attend at Tattersall's, for he was a man who never employed commissioners, but did his own betting transactions, but to-morrow he would be off to consult Pearson. They could run over to Riddleton, too, have a look at the horses, and a talk with Bill Greyson. If these bills really had to be met, it would be necessary to go for a *coup* at Goodwood. He telegraphed to Pearson to say he was leaving town by the mid-day train, and asking that worthy to give him bed and dinner. The lawyer was used to such sudden visits on the part of his partner, and was quite prepared to welcome him—had thought, indeed, that he would probably turn up that week, if only to assist at the council of war which must be inevitably held concerning the great Sussex meeting. An you keep race-horses and gamble not for the prizes at Goodwood, what are you to play for? Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, Doncaster, and York are the battle-fields of the big men, who leave the gate-money meetings and the provinces for the smaller fry.

"And now, Pearson, I have got a little matter of my own I want to consult you about," said Elliston, after discussing a quiet little dinner with his partner, and then he showed him Mr. Writson's letter. "Now these bills, you see, amount to a pretty stiff sum, and legally, I presume, they can't recover on them. Alister, of course, met them when they became due, and that cancelled them."

"Yes; they were met, I remember perfectly well, and that Writson can't take proceedings against you on them he knows as well as I do. They resolve themselves simply into a debt due by you to Alister Rockingham, and these bills being found amongst his papers testify to its never having been paid. Morally, I suppose you ought to pay it to his creditors or his son, more especially as his family is left so poorly off. Legally, you are safe, but socially it might prove a formidable weapon in the hands of any one of sufficient status to use it effectively. This boy Gerald is too young, and in no position to wield it, but if some of his father's old friends should take it up, they might make things very unpleasant for you."

Cuthbert Elliston was quite aware that his present position in the world was much too shaky to bear being further compromised. Society is lenient in the extreme concerning turf tactics, will shut its eyes to much sharp practice in such matters, but Elliston had been mixed up in some two or three affairs that were voted too bad for even the easy turf morality of the present day. Old Lord Whitby, a stanch racing man of the old school, had even gone so far on one occasion as to declare that "the fellow ought to be warned off the Heath, and that it was like his confounded impudence to show his face in the Royal Inclosure, under the very noses of the Jockey Club, after such a disgraceful fraud as that Calliope business."

Elliston knew that there had been much commiseration expressed for Alister Rockingham's sad ending, and that had the world an inkling of how much he, Cuthbert, had had to do with it, public opinion would run high against him.

"Yes," he replied at last, "I suppose they could; but I don't fancy Gerald is known to, or, at all events, remembered by, any of them. They are not likely to discover him under his present *alias*, and the young beggar's pride will prevent him disclosing his real name."

"Don't deceive yourself," returned the attorney, quietly. "The leaking out that Jim Forrest and Gerald Rockingham are one is only a matter of time. All such things are. Suppose old Whitby took him up, and then came to know of those bills?"

"Confound it! I'm not in a position to stand another show up, and old Whitby was more strong than polite in his expressed opinion about that Calliope business. Talked about a gentleman's obligations not being on the same level as a leg's, etc. Old fool! As if I kept horses for his gratification or the public's."

"Very good. I think you're right when you admit that the story of those bills is an ugly anecdote to have in circulation about one."

"Perhaps so," rejoined Elliston, irritably, "but I'm not going to pay close on seven thousand pounds for its suppression, all the same."

"No. I don't propose you shall. You must put yourself in my hands, and see what sort of a compromise I can arrange with Writson. He knows very well he can hope for nothing more, and I dare say a couple of thousand would settle the thing comfortably."

"One is quite enough to pay for such waste paper as that," returned Elliston, sullenly.

Pearson looked at his partner with almost a contemptuous expression for a moment, and then said: "Of course you know best what your position is worth. What I, Sam Pearson, the racing money-lending attorney, do, matters little. The world regards me as a compound of leg and money-lender, but even I haven't got quite such an awkward story on record against me as yours.

"Never mind," he continued, rapidly, seeing Elliston was about to speak, "I'll drive the best bargain I can for you, and then it will rest for yourself as to whether you take it or leave it. By-the-way, I'd not forget one thing, if I were you. Forrest, as he calls himself, is now engaged to Sir Marmaduke, and he stands, rumor has it, pretty stanchly to his followers."

"Why, you don't mean to hint that he would take him up as Gerald Rockingham?" ejaculated Elliston. "He's no old friend of Alister's."

"No. But from what I've seen of him, he's just the man to do it, and that he will find out who his jockey really is, I regard as a certainty sooner or later."

"Well, it's no use discussing an unpleasant subject further," growled Elliston. "To-morrow we'll drive over to Riddleton, and hear what old Bill's got to say."

CHAPTER XXIV.

LEASING A RACE-HORSE.

"She's a monstrous pretty girl, that daughter of Greyson's," remarked Elliston to his companion as they rattled along the road that led from the quiet little country station up to the farm-house that lay nestling among the fir-trees on the edge of the moor; "and as vain and pleased with flattery as any other of her sex, I take it."

"Yes; they're all much of a muchness in that way," replied Pearson. "She inherits her good looks from her mother; and Mrs. Greyson is insatiable as regards compliments on her personal appearance, you know well."

Elliston smiled. He had been a lady-killer in his day, and was by no means out of the hunt yet. A tall, fine-looking man, even if the dark hair was shot with silver. Mrs. Greyson had always shown much gratification at the airy incense it amused the ex-Guardsman to burn at her shrine; but whether she would appreciate his extending his admiration to her daughter was very questionable. Coquettish mothers seldom admire that attribute in their daughters, and are apt to accuse them of it even when there is no cause.

"Muslin's dangerous about a racing stable," continued the attorney, sententiously. "They wheedle information out of soft-hearted pumpkins out of sheer devilment, and then some limber-tongued scamp wheedles it out of them; the fat's in the fire, and we're all in 'the cart.' Not that Bill Greyson's likely to trust his womankind with much knowledge, however they may hunger to nibble at the tree."

Mr. Pearson's last speech was somewhat enigmatical, except in its conclusion, and in that the attorney was to some extent mistaken. The trainer was more open with his wife and daughter than Mr. Pearson supposed.

"No," replied Cuthbert; "but here we are, and there he is, all ready, no doubt, to unfold his budget. How are you, Greyson? Hope the nags look as fit as you do. As for you, Mrs. Greyson, you stopped Time's clock on the day I first saw you. How are you, Dollie? You grow prettier, child, every time I see you. What are the young fellows in York about," he continued, dropping his voice, "that they ever let you come back to Riddleton? Why, I dropped into your uncle's shop last night on the chance of seeing you, expecting to find a knot of youngsters ruining themselves in gloves for the sake of your *beaux yeux*."

"Ha!" laughed Dollie; "you see *he* doesn't happen to be in York just now; so I thought I might as well come home," and the girl gave a coquettish toss of her head that was promptly taken note of by Mrs. Greyson.

"Her mother's own daughter," thought Elliston.

"I hope he is thoroughly eligible," said Cuthbert, smiling; "or else, Dollie, I shall feel it my duty to forbid the banns."

"Why, what have you to do with it?" asked the girl, demurely.

"Everything! Haven't I been in love with you from your cradle? and you don't suppose I'll give you up if I don't approve? And I shall be hard to satisfy that any one is quite good enough for you."

"Ah! but that is a question that more nearly concerns me," returned Dollie, "and is a point on which I intend to judge for myself when the time comes;" and as she spoke she wondered what Mr. Elliston would say had he the slightest idea of her engagement to Gerald.

"You've come over to settle what I'd best take to Goodwood, I suppose," said the trainer. "I've eased Caterham in his work lately so that he won't be at concert pitch if you even decide to send him."

"I think he had better go," replied Elliston, meditatively. "We can't keep horses to look at; but we'll talk about that presently," and he glanced significantly toward Mrs. Greyson.

The trainer quietly telegraphed to his wife, who, murmuring something about seeing after the luncheon, left the room, accompanied by Dollie.

"Yes," chimed in Pearson, "a gallop at Goodwood will do the horse good, and we needn't back him, you know. How's the Dancing Master?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Elliston. "I little knew what a flyer I was giving you when I told you you should have him if he won the 'Guineas.' You will have a shy with him at Goodwood, I suppose?"

"No, sir," replied the trainer, quietly, "I think not. The colt never was better; but the fact is, gentlemen, I daren't show him. You know what he is. He ran away with the Two Thousand, and refused to try a yard at Epsom. He would probably do the latter again at Goodwood, and as my object is to sell him, the less he is seen on a race-course, the better."

"Quite right," grinned Elliston. "He is a sort that will break two or three owners before some one has the common-sense to shoot and bury him. Now to what we really are concerned about. Phaeton, I fancy, ought to have a chance in one of the big handicaps. It depends, of course, upon what they put him in at; but his one performance was winning the Leger. He's all right, eh?"

"Yes," answered the trainer, slowly, "he's right enough; but a Leger's a Leger, and I don't think they are likely to give him a very 'gaudy chance'."

"Phaeton is a horse," observed Elliston, sententiously, "that can carry weight well, and, like many another good horse, can do a big thing over a short distance. I want to win a good stake, and we shall not be able to get a long price about the horse if he should tickle the public fancy. My idea is that in this case he will not. They are pretty sure to think he has too much weight assigned him for one thing, and as a Leger winner consider staying his *forte* for another. They are not likely to back him over one of these short-distance handicaps. We might pick up a lot of money with him over the Stewards' Cup if the handicapper should prove good-natured."

"Well, sir, that's all simple enough. The horse had better go to Goodwood, and whether he is worth backing or not, we shall know when we see the weights."

"That's settled, then," said Pearson; "and as for the young ones, they must, of course, go and do the best they can; but I'm afraid our two-year-olds this year might be briefly summed up as rubbish."

"There's a race in one or two of them," replied the trainer, "but they are not much good; and if they do win, it will only be because the others are precious bad."

"You haven't had an offer, then, yet for the Dancing Master, eh?" inquired Pearson.

"No, I can't altogether say I have, sir. Bob Broughton's been a-nibbling at him, but of course that wouldn't be for himself, and who he's acting for I can't exactly make out, but I'm given to understand I shall hear more about it at Goodwood; bound to, if it's a bid worth having," continued the trainer, with a quiet smile. "A young gentleman with a brand-new jacket, and mad to see his colors first past the post at Doncaster, is the sort of customer I want. Lord, Mr. Elliston, what sums we have seen young gentlemen give for a horse to win a Derby or Leger with!"

"He's not a horse I should care to buy, Greyson," said the attorney, "but I shall trust him with a little money if he runs for the St. Leger. It's the only way to deal with animals like that. Their precious tempers insure there always being a longish price against them, and they seldom go sick or sorry, and one never can tell they may not take it into their heads to run clean away with a race."

"Backing the zero at roulette I know has a fascination for some people, but I should have thought, Sam, it was a weakness that you, at all events, had got over. Greyson's a better judge, and knows he can't be out of the Dancing Master too soon. Now give us some lunch and a glass of dry sherry in which to drink good luck to ourselves all round at Goodwood, and then I must be off. I want to get back to town to-night."

Always a sanguine man in his racing speculations, Elliston had never been gayer than he was over that lunch. He had that unaccountable, unnatural hilarity which our Scotch neighbors call "fey," which is always held presage of some great disaster—a decorous edition of the Feast of Belshazzar, and on which the writing on the wall is invisible, as it was ages ago to the Eastern potentate. He complimented Mrs. Greyson, joked Dollie about what he considered that mythical York lover, promised her a bracelet if Phaeton won the Stewards' Cup, smacked his lips over a glass of Curaçoa, and then lighting one of Bill Greyson's best Cabanas, with an airy wave of his hand to his wife and daughter, sped southward to the lists on the Sussex Downs as blithely as Ivanhoe to those of Ashby.

The last days of July are come, the sweets and bitters of the season have been drained to the dregs. Unwilling milliners have been coaxed into throwing yet more bread upon the troubled waters, and furnish unmarried beauty with armor for a final appearance in the *mêlée*. That gallant and light-hearted band of society's darlings who think that their bills at Mitchell's, dinners at Long's, accounts for broughams, gloves, bouquets, and every other of the *menus plaisirs* that it is possible to have "put down," are to be settled by successful racing speculation, have "pulled themselves together" for the Sussex fortnight. "Just clear the slate off a bit, old chappie, and then we can go and shoot grouse with a clear conscience." They don't do it; but how delicious that spring-time of youth is when it all looks feasible! Later on we know what playing for the last stake means, and can see the fatal deuce ace, "the dog's throw," before the dice have left the box.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1439.

Two notable things characterized the turf market at the opening of the Goodwood Meeting. One was a strong disposition to back the Dancing Master for the Leger, emanating, the Ring declared, from nobody knew whom—certainly not from the stable, as those connected with the horse simply derided the idea of supporting him. Bob Broughton certainly seemed to think it worth his while to take a thousand to eighty occasionally; but Bob was known to be a speculative backer at times, as well as book-maker, to say nothing of having countless commissions on hand.

Another thing was that the gambling on the Stewards' Cup promised to surpass all precedent. Sir Marmaduke and his followers kept on backing Pibroch as if his defeat was impossible, and all racing men concurred that he was very favorably weighted, but still many thought that the race was by no means a gift to him. Several other horses were strongly fancied by their respective partisans, and, amongst others, the small coterie usually associated with Bill Greyson's "good things" were very pronounced in their support of Phaeton. Still, there was nobody who bet on the large scale of Sir Marmaduke and his immediate followers, and old racing men stood aghast at the way the Baronet would fill up three or four pages of his betting-book in as many minutes when he really was sweet upon his chance.

With regard to the first of these mild mystifications, the following record of a conversation that took place between Sir Marmaduke and old Bill Greyson, in a pretty little cottage at Singleton, a hamlet about a mile from the Grand Stand, may afford some explanation:

"Broughton tells me you want to see me, Sir Marmaduke," said the trainer, as he entered the quiet little dining-room, in which it was evident the Baronet had eaten a solitary dinner.

"Sit down, Mr. Greyson," he began with. "Yes, I do want to see you," he continued, as the trainer complied. "Broughton tells me the Dancing Master is for sale, at a price. Can you warrant him sound?"

"I never warrant a horse, Sir Marmaduke; but he is sound in wind and limb, and any veterinary surgeon you choose to name is welcome to look him over."

The Baronet lit a fresh cigarette, and then said, carelessly, "What do you want for him?"

"Ten thousand," rejoined the trainer, gravely.

"I should doubt your getting that," rejoined Sir Marmaduke; "at all events, it's beyond my mark."

"And yet rumor says you gave that sum for Bushranger, who didn't win the Two Thousand, while my horse did," observed Greyson.

"Which only shows I paid too much for Bushranger," replied the Baronet, by no means to be thrown off his *sang-froid* even by so old a hand as the Riddleton trainer. "I am anxious to avoid a repetition of that mistake. Now your horse has a temper unmistakably, and that knocks money off him. Never mind fencing; in one word, what's the lowest will buy him?"

Bill Greyson looked at the Baronet with no little inward astonishment; the *insouciant* young gentleman was outside his experience. Most of the neophytes with whom he had had to deal were enthusiastic, sanguine, and utterly blind to the spots in the sun of their desires.

"Yes, Sir Marmaduke," he said at last; "he has a temper, and if it wasn't for that, I wouldn't 'bate a pound, as I honestly believe him to be the best three-year-old I ever trained. One word, as you say, and have done with it. He's yours for nine thousand; and that's the last I have to say about it."

"Won't suit, Greyson," replied the Baronet, promptly, as he lit another cigarette. "Wait a moment while I think it out, and I'll tell you what will." A pause of two or three minutes, and then he continued: "I won't buy; but I tell you what I'll do. I'll lease the Dancing Master for the remainder of this year and the next; the horse to revert to you again then. Terms, five thousand pounds, and half of every stake he wins. He will be a rare good horse to you under those conditions, if he takes it into his head to run honest; and quite bad enough one to me if he don't."

"It's a bargain, Sir Marmaduke," replied Greyson; "and a liberal one on your side, I'm bound to confess. I'll send for the horse at once, and hand him over to Pipes."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," replied Sir Marmaduke; "that's by no means part of my scheme. I want him to remain under your charge, and no one to know that the horse has changed hands. You understand?"

"I think so," replied the trainer. "You can make more money out of him, Sir Marmaduke, if he is not known to be yours. He's to do his best for the Leger, of course?"

"The best we can make him. You can have a little of my book if you take further interest in him. Forrest, the boy who rode him in the Two Thousand, as you know, I have now first call of. I shall give him the mount at Doncaster; the colt seems to run better in his hands than any one's."

"It's awkward, Sir Marmaduke, but my employers insist that Jim Forrest does no more riding for Riddleton, and I've my own reasons for not wishing him about my place myself."

"Odd, that," replied the Baronet. "I should have thought he did you all a good turn at Newmarket; and he can ride, mind you. Now, Greyson," he said, rather sharply, "if our bargain holds good, whom I put up is nothing to you or your employers. He rides my horse, which you train, and he need never come near Riddleton."

The trainer thought for a moment, and then said: "You're right, Sir Marmaduke; he's my horse even if you cry off your bargain, and I've a right to give the mount on him for the Leger to whom I like. All right; I'll do my very best to send him to Doncaster fit. In whose hands you put him for the race will be, of course, no affair of mine; but Forrest knows him, and from what I hear and have seen he's quite good enough."

"All right," replied the Baronet. "Remember the Dancing Master's not wanted till the Leger, and I shall conclude he's going on perfectly well unless I hear from you to the contrary. As for the money, just send me a memorandum of where you want it paid."

Never had Sir Marmaduke and the reckless spirits that followed his lead had a more roseate time than that Goodwood week. The cruel fortune that had stuck like a burr to Mr. Pipes's stable all through the spring seemed to have departed. Luck had turned at Ascot, and it now seemed as if they could do no wrong. Captain Farrington gravely affirmed that he was getting tired of winning—a very rash assertion to indulge in with Brighton and Lewes, with their wondrous facility for dissipating Goodwood gains, yet to come. The Stewards' Cup had confirmed Sir Marmaduke's judgment, resulting in a tremendous finish between Phaeton and Pibroch, who came clean away from their field, and in which, after a ding-dong struggle, Jim Forrest just contrived to squeeze the Baronet's horse home by a head. This brilliant piece of riding at once established him in the front rank of the profession, for he was pitted against no boy, but a skilled horseman, and it was generally conceded by all race-goers that the slightest error in judgment on Forrest's part would have caused the head to be given the other way.

Cuthbert Elliston cursed the Stewards' Cup and Jim Forrest with a vindictive earnestness that made his partner stare. Small chance now of redeeming those cancelled bills unless they were appraised at a very slender value, while his superstition about the bad luck Gerald's appearance heralded was more confirmed than ever.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE "SHANNON."

The presence of the famous old war vessel *Shannon* in the port of New York revives memories of her great duel with the *Chesapeake* seventy years and more ago. Like a renowned war-horse sold to drag a huckster's cart, she no longer appears as a frigate, but as a humble carrier of oil to England, and of chalk to the United States. Yet those aged men who remember the battle fought in their boyhood off Cape Ann, when Lawrence was carried below with his death-wound, uttering his immortal "Don't give up the ship," might easily recognize in this powerful trader the lines of the frigate that earned for Broke great renown among British sailors.

Many excuses were given by our ancestors of 1813 for the defeat of the *Chesapeake*, and it is undoubtedly true that her crew was not then as fit as usual to meet the *Shannon*. But the real explanation of the result of the battle is Broke's excellent seamanship. He was one of the few British captains who insisted on the careful gunnery practice which American commanders almost invariably exacted of their men, and victory in a challenge fight hardly less renowned in that day than the duel of the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama* in ours, was the splendid reward of his exertions.

JERRY McAULEY.

By THE REV. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D.

The Broadway Tabernacle in all its history never contained a more remarkable gathering than that which crowded its pews and aisles on a recent Sunday afternoon at the funeral service of Jerry McAuley. In that company were some of the most prominent clergymen of the city, some of its best-known philanthropists, many of its most active Christian workers, hundreds of members of its most respectable churches, and an immense crowd of "the common people," which surged out into the passages of the building and covered the sidewalks of the street. Who was this man to whose name and work so many people from the different walks of life among us thus united to do honor? We have seen similar sights not unfrequently in these later years in our city, as when a political leader like Thurlow Weed, or a valiant war Governor like Morgan, or a princely giver like Dodge, was carried out for burial. But this man had no such claim as any one of these to the recognition of the people. His sole distinction was—and it is not without its own significance in these days of intellectual skepticism—that he had been rescued through faith that is in Christ from a terrible degradation, and had given the remainder of his life most successfully to the work of saving others from similar destruction: a great sinner saved by that Gospel which is "the power of God," and gratefully and successfully giving his life to labor for the salvation of the class to which he formerly belonged—that was all. But the funeral of such a man was enough to stir the heart of our city as it is stirred only when some prince and great man among us has passed away. Surely that is a fact worthy to be much pondered, and fraught with many lessons to the whole community.

The history of Jerry McAuley is soon told. Born in Ireland, and the son of a counterfeiter, whose very calling was a crime, he received no school education, but grew up in ignorance and carelessness. When he was thirteen years old he was sent to this country, and put under the charge of a married sister; but he speedily became involved with evil associates, and at the age of nineteen was sentenced to the State-prison for fifteen years. Curiously enough, though he had done sufficient to deserve this punishment, he was not really guilty of the crime of which he was thus convicted, and that fact infused an element of bitterness into his soul which disposed him for a time to turn against everything which is good. But the visit to the prison of one whom he had known as a criminal like himself, and who now told the story of his conversion in such a way as to give the impression that it was undoubtedly sincere, produced a change in his feelings, and ultimately led to what he believed to be his own transformation. After serving seven years and a half in prison he was set at liberty by the pardon of the Governor, and for a time he sought to lead a reputable Christian life; but finding it almost impossible to breast the difficulties with which as a discharged convict he had to contend, he fell again into evil company, and became a river thief; so that, as he used to say himself, he was "everything that was bad except a murderer, and he had been that too, in his heart."

But he was not too low to be redeemed. At this time he was found and taken by the hand by the missionary of the Howard Mission, and at length, as the result of the kindly and judicious treatment of those connected with that institution, and especially of him who has so long been at its head, he was led into stability and earnestness of character, and encouraged to enter upon the work with which now his name will be most closely identified.

The life which he had led gave him special adaptation for working among the criminal portion of the population, and accordingly, in October, 1872, the Water Street Mission was set on foot, and Jerry, and his wife Maria, who has been all through his true yoke-fellow in the work, were installed as its agents. Here for ten years he labored night after night, and week after week, in the blessed work of seeking and saving that which is lost. There was a great opportunity, but there were many adversaries, yet Jerry was never daunted. Bravely, patiently, and with unflagging perseverance he held on, and almost every night he was permitted to rejoice over some sinners that repented. A year or two ago he began to feel it borne in upon his heart that he should do something for the "up-town sinners," as he called them, and as the result, he gave up the Water Street Mission to other hands, and was installed, along with his faithful wife, in the Cremorne Mission, at the corner of Thirty-second Street and Sixth Avenue. In this room, which had formerly been a vile resort, the scenes of the Water Street Mission were nightly repeated, and many of the lowest and vilest sinners were reclaimed.

If it be asked how all this has been accomplished, there is but one answer, namely, by the power of the Holy Ghost through the personal testimony borne by Jerry and those who were converted by his instrumentality. There was no unusual ability about him. To the last, indeed, notwithstanding all that the Gospel had done for him, he carried many of the marks of his old life, and was far from being either well read or highly intelligent. He did not lay claim to any of these qualities. All he did was to tell the simple story of his own experience, and to declare that no one needed to despair after him. His one great message was, in the words of Paul: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief. Howbeit for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might show forth all longsuffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe." He believed that "we are saved by hope," and he held up his own case to inspire hope even in the vilest of the vile, and to encourage them also to put to the test that salvation which had been so efficacious for him. These personal testimonies given both by himself and those converted through his agency were the special features of his meetings, and in these was the hiding of their power. It is impossible to tell how many were benefited through these simple agencies, but the testimony of Dr. McArthur to the steadfastness of the converts received into his church from the McAuley missions could be confirmed by other pastors in the city. In the crowd that thronged the church on the occasion of his funeral there were many who could call him their spiritual father, while among those who filled the street outside, the poor man mentioned by the New York *Herald* as wishing to send in his little bouquet of flowers to be laid upon the coffin was not the only one who could have said that "he owed everything under God to Jerry."

The lessons of such a life are not far to seek. For one thing, it gives new emphasis to the words of the Apostle: "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." They say that the quinine tree grows hard by the marsh that generates malaria, the antidote being provided to meet the bane, and it is not a little striking that in these days of pretentious agnosticism and destructive materialism we should have brought into prominence among us the successes of Moody and McAuley, and others like them, to remind us that the Gospel succeeds in accomplishing that which neither of the others even attempts.

For another thing, this life illustrates how much even a very poorly furnished man can do when he gives himself up to the doing of it with God. As St. Theresa said long ago, when she was about to build a hospital, and had only three halfpence to begin upon, "Theresa and three halfpence are nothing, but God and three halfpence are incalculable." That is the true spirit of consecration, and that Jerry McAuley very fully manifested. Sixteen years ago there were few in the city less likely to be of any service to anybody than was he, and yet what a service in these intervening years he rendered to multitudes!

What shall be done with his mission is to us at the present writing unknown. But the inscription on the monument of the Wesleys in Westminster Abbey is as true as ever—"God buries the workers, but He carries on the work." We may be sure, therefore, that in some way it shall be perpetuated; but whatever its future history may be, the name of Jerry McAuley will always be associated with it, and will come to be linked with that of John Newton as a striking illustration of the text, "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him."

A MONSTER ICEBERG.

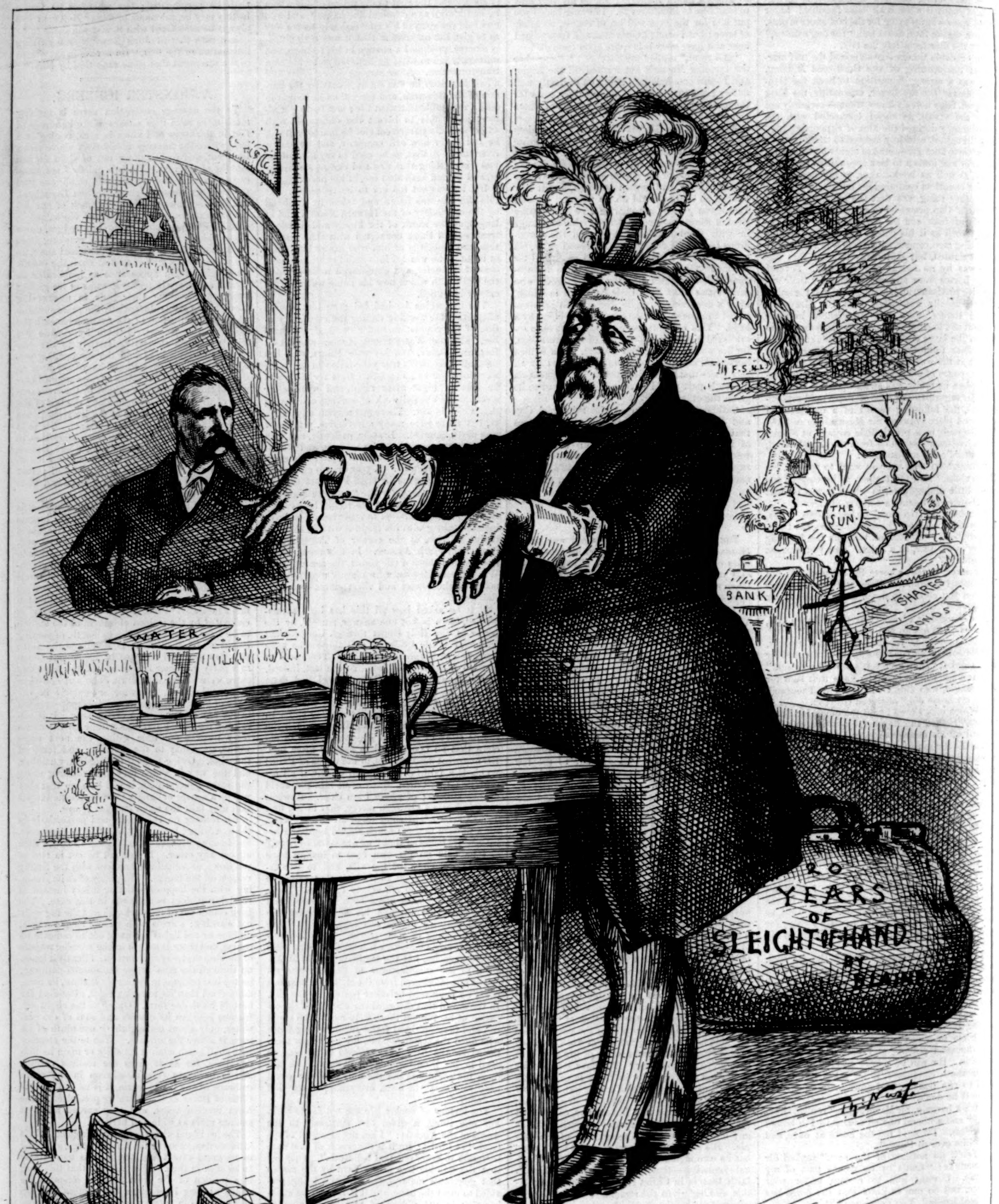
To the average conception there is nothing much more solid than a mass of ice hundreds of feet in thickness and miles in area, resting in a land where the mercury rarely rises above freezing-point, and rushes down out of sight for ten months of the year. Yet it is chiefly from masses of this kind and under these conditions that the icebergs come which start from Greenland, and float southward across the track of our Atlantic steamers. The interior of Greenland is covered with precipitous mountain ranges, down whose sides extend vast glaciers, reaching from the summits, in the region of perpetual snow, to the shores of the wild seas that wash the coasts. These glaciers, in appearance as immovable as crystal rocks, are in reality streams of ice gliding imperceptibly along their beds in unswerving obedience to laws substantially the same as those which govern the flow of the Amazon beneath the skies of the tropics. Decade by decade the mighty current sweeps resistlessly to the sea, pushing its huge head into the surrounding water, as the Mississippi forces its yellow lines to the limits of its delta. And as the extended current of the Mississippi is caught by the cross current of the ocean and borne along the bed of the Gulf, the farthest portions of the ice streams are carried by the wider ocean currents. There is something fascinating in the knowledge that in the remote gorges of Greenland, where human life is literally impossible, the same forces are at work in the same way as in the glacial period over the wide area of northern Europe and what is now the continent of North America.

But what is now of more immediate interest is the fact that at this moment one of the largest masses of ice detached from one of the Greenland glaciers has taken up its southern voyage, and, accompanied by numerous smaller ones, is steadily approaching the track of the Atlantic steamers. Our artist at St. John's, Newfoundland, sends us a sketch of this "monster," as it was seen on the 9th of September from the signal station ten miles northeast of that point. The "monster" is estimated by the trained observers of the station to be from six to eight miles in length, of varying height and breadth. It is doubtless the same that was seen and reported by Lieutenant Greely's party in higher latitudes. On the same day there were observed from St. John's at one view fifty-one icebergs, following irregularly in the wake of the "monster," though it is quite unusual to see any at this season of the year. It is calculated that these icebergs will be on the ocean ferry track some time within the next three weeks, according to the direction and force of the wind. Owing to their extraordinary number, and the way in which they are crowding along the same general path, it will be seen that they will be a source of danger to transatlantic vessels that may take the usual straight course.

An iceberg on the ocean, and particularly in thick weather, is an ugly obstacle to encounter, and is more dreaded by experienced seamen than almost any other. It can not be cut in two or run down, as sometimes happens with the fishing vessels off the Banks. The policy of swift steaming, with the hope of inflicting injury instead of receiving it, does not answer in this case. The berg comes out of the darkness and the fog without warning; sounds no horn and rings no bell; no blue or red lights are hung out to indicate its course, and there is no use in the warning whistle of the ship that may encounter it. Silently it looms up through the mist across the unseen pathway, its top lost perhaps in the empty shadow, its base, more cruel than its towering sides, extending far beyond its visible form. Owing to the slight difference between its density and that of the sea-water, only about one-eighth or one-ninth of its mass is above the surface. Woe to the steamer that shall crash against its sides or upon its hidden base, for as it rides the restless current and is borne to slow dissolution in the warm embrace of the Gulf Stream, it is as solid as the Cliffs of Dover or the frowning precipices of the Nova Scotian coast, and may spread about it sunken reefs as wide and perilous.

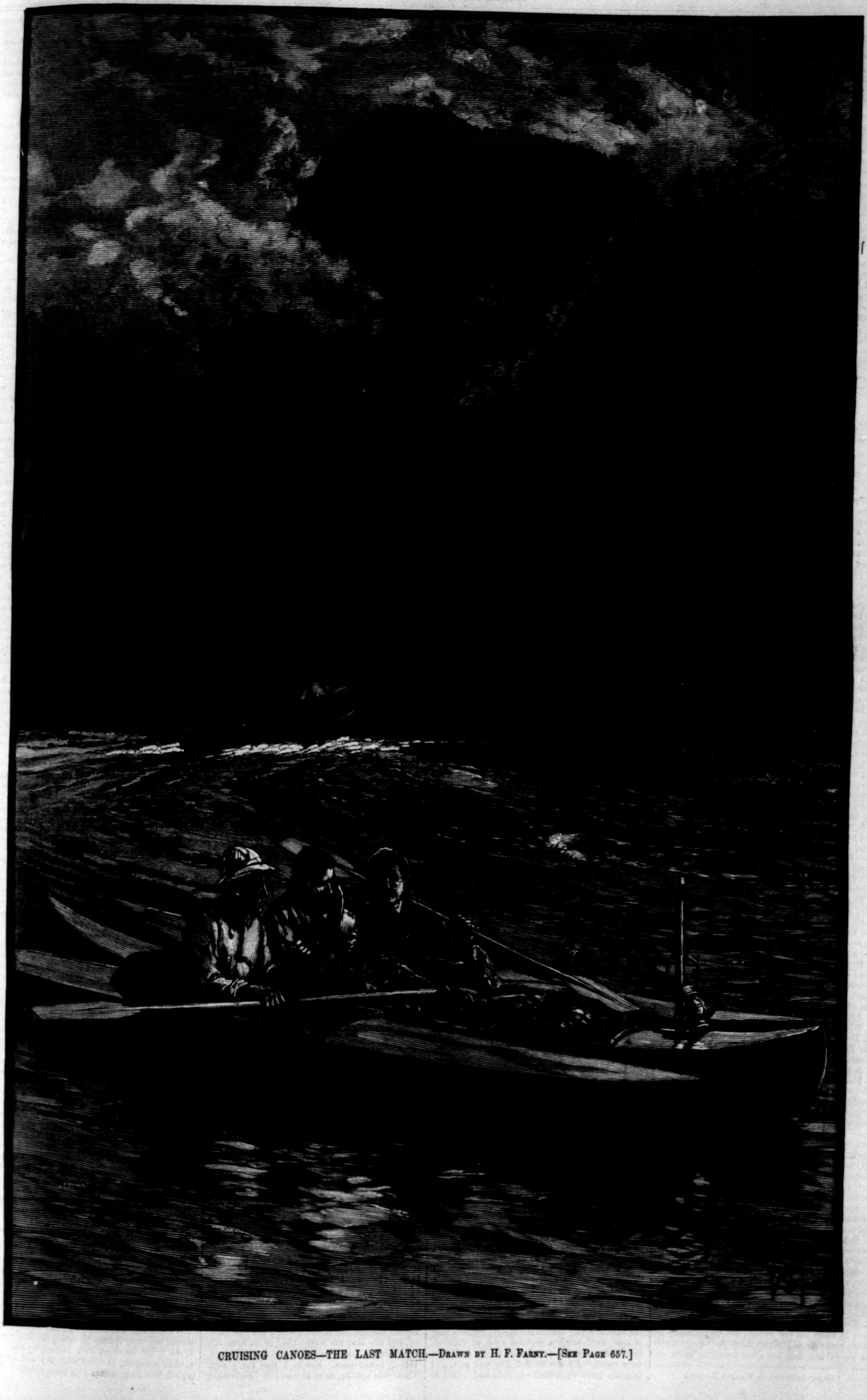
The ice island which is reported from St. John's is not so dangerous as the smaller bergs, as, owing to its great extent and height, it is more likely to be seen in time. It is probable that this berg is a portion of the great fields of sea-made ice which at long intervals, and by forces that are still wrapped in mystery, are broken up and scattered over the expanse of the North Atlantic. It is now some sixty-seven years since the breaking up of these arctic fields of ice, and the appearance of large fragments of them as far west as 34°, or within 800 miles of Ireland, led to the theory that the climate of the polar regions had changed, that the seas would continue open, and that a Northwest Passage was at last available. The expedition of Captain Ross dissipated this theory.

Some idea of the enormous force exerted by these floating mountains may be gathered from the language of Dr. Kane: "Nothing can be more imposing than the rotation of a berg. I have often watched one rocking its earth-stained sides in steadily deepening curves, as if gathering energy for some desperate gymnastic feat, and then turning itself slowly over in a monster somersault, and vibrating, as its head rose in the new element, like a leviathan shaking the water from its crest. It was impossible not to have suggestions thrust upon me of their agency in modifying the geological disposition of the earth's surface."


WATER
F.S.N.
THE SUN.
BANK
SHARES
BONDS
20 YEARS OF SLEIGHT of HAND BY BLAINE
Th: Nast

AT HIS OLD TRICKS AGAIN OUT WEST.

James G. Blaine. "I will now, in confidence, *take in* 50,000,000 people."



CRUISING CANOES—THE LAST MATCH.—Drawn by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 657.]

OCTOBER.

In these still days Earth takes a moment's rest;
The bare brown fields lie placid in the sun;
They are content, knowing their labor done.

There is no pleasant green place; every nest
Is empty now; the branches are all bare,
And the sweet singing birds no longer there.

The crisp brown leaves lie deep; we go in quest
Of ripe, full nuts that drop down lazily
Into our laps from many a loaded tree.

And after all sweet hours we think these best;
And are so glad for fair October days,
When Earth is seen through gold and purple haze.

For of her bounty we have been the guest
Through the pale spring, through summer's golden
prime,
Through all the rich, hot days of autumn-time.

We've wept and laughed with her, been sad and blest;
We've tried our love in every changeful mood;
And now with Earth we rest awhile and brood.

For this year's sun sinks grandly to its west,
Knowing how sweet and gracious all its ways,
How bountiful and fair its many days;

And sitting hand in hand, our love confest,
We calmly rest in still October's calm,
Hearing in our own hearts a low, glad psalm,

And knowing we have garnered all the best,
The sweetest hours of love, and that our store
Is now so rich that life can ask no more.

LOVE AND MIRAGE;*

OR,

THE WAITING ON AN ISLAND.

AN OUT-OF-DOOR ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHITHER?

Where was Eva's joy now?

As long as Arthur remained in the adjoining room she was forced to exercise self-control. Not a sigh escaped her lips, not a moan of pain. Rigid as a statue, she awaited his going; but when at last she heard the door close after him, she threw herself on her bed, past weeping, past praying; only low stifled sobs betrayed the inner conflict. Oh! Fate was pitiless. There was no hope, no joy, no love left for this poor Eva to cling to any more. She must just drift away on the tide of misery, and let despair do with her as it would. Those fond, foolish dreams of yestreen, where were they now? The return home as Arthur's wife, her father's recovery, reconcilement with her sisters! Had she indeed for a brief moment believed in these things? Yes, Elizabeth and Flora might be made happy, but in another way; not by their sister Eva. Their bliss she could never share. For no misconception of Arthur's narrative was possible. He had first seen Elizabeth and won her heart, and she knew this sweet, steadfast Elizabeth well. Other girls might easily fancy themselves in love with a frank, chivalrous Englishman after Arthur's pattern. Elizabeth never would. If she cared for any man at all, her feeling would be deep and unalterable; nor was she at all likely to entertain romantic dreams about any one indifferent to her. She must have relied upon Arthur Venning's liking before venturing to like him in return.

It was all as clear as day. Only one reason had prevented Elizabeth from accepting Arthur's love. She was too proud to marry, because of the shame that had fallen on her house; she refused him on account of her sister's dishonor. But for her own sister, her elder sister, Elizabeth might yet become a happy wife.

This conviction took possession of Eva's troubled spirit as if it were some horrible agency at work upon body and brain, some engine invented for torture or dire seps insinuating poison and agony into every vein, drying up the springs of life and hope.

Her sweet Elizabeth, her own fond little sister! Was it not enough to have ruined her prospects, overwhelmed her with shame, broken her mother's heart, wrecked her father's reason? must she also steal her lover's heart?

Arthur might take his wife home, indeed.

What would Elizabeth feel when she recognized in Eva's husband her own lover, the man, but for Eva's wrong-doing, she might herself have married?

It must never be.

There was only one way of saving Elizabeth. She must hide herself from Arthur, flee from him straightway, and discover some secure hiding-place where even love like his could never find her out. But where? This island offered no such harborage: Arthur knew it far too well. Before nightfall, moreover, on the morrow, he would be back again. In this short space of time whither could she betake herself, leaving not a trace behind? For one thing she felt sure of: if Arthur followed her, as he undoubtedly would, and if he discovered her retreat, he would insist on the fulfillment of her promise. Elizabeth would be sacrificed. A second time her elder sister would prove her baleful star.

But if not? Ah! even thus poor Eva might yet bring about good and not evil. Hid from Arthur's ken forever, he was sure in time to master himself, to woo a second time and finally win Elizabeth as his bride. For her sister Eva's sake, she would grow all the dearer to him. The racking misery of conflict at last spent itself, and blank, cold despair took its place. Eva sat up and tried to think. She pictured the bright future in store for her sisters, the pair wedded to these generous English brothers, their home made in happy England, far away from the scene of their sorrow and shame. Perhaps even their father's madness would yield to these blissful influences, and he might yet spend a happy and honored old age by the fireside of a son-in-law. The old man would be made welcome for his sweet daughters' sake. And in time would not Eva and her awful story be almost forgotten, Eva herself fade from the memory of these happy ones? Or if not faded utterly, might she not become a half-sorrow only, a name to be wept over gently? Elizabeth and Flora would tell their children of a gifted Aunt Eva lost to them forever, would perhaps even call some little daughter after her in token of forgiveness, and as they grew older and wiser and sadder, would think of her kindly, would love her as in their childish days.

And Arthur Venning, her generous protector, her magnanimous bridegroom, would not he also forget? Men are strong and proud. They subdue their griefs and live them down as women can not do. He will be happy. He loves me, thought Eva, but how much may generosity and pity have determined him to make me his wife? And admiration also, my little beauty he said he should be so proud of. But Elizabeth is beautiful too, and Elizabeth will hold him all the dearer for having tried to save her poor Eva.

She felt inclined to weep now, and almost able to pray; but the soft mood passed. She dared not weep. She must steel her heart against self-pity.

Eva was in a crisis of destiny where personality merges in larger interests, and the ego, the individuality, the thinking, suffering, sentient self, virtually ceases to be, or is as if it were not. She must consider life and the world wholly irrespective of her own existence, to think and act, indeed, as if Eva's self did not exist at all. This self-annihilation must naturally be the precursor of all deeds of superhuman heroism or self-devotion. None could voluntarily immolate himself to duty, patriotism, or sentiment unless that self had been first shrivelled to nothingness. Eva, then, having made up her mind that she must sacrifice herself for her sister's sake, could hardly weep over her own life any more. There was now nothing left to wish for or hope. Life, as much of meaning as it had for her, could mean blank endurance only. Her plain duty was to hide herself forever and forever from those she loved. But where?

The warm after-glow had filled the little chamber, and the soft air seemed to stifle her. She would go out-of-doors, she thought, and try to make a plan. For the dire problem must be solved at once. Where could she hide herself?

What a prison seemed this island, and life, to Eva as she lingered by her window and looked out wistfully. Far away stretched the forest reaches, just gilded by the rays of the setting sun, and as she stood thus motionless, the murmur of the sea was audible from afar.

But the forest offered no hope of escape, nor the sea either, for Arthur knew it, nook and corner; and if she set sail on the morrow, the very vessel that bore her away would meet that of her returning lover. As she lingered thus, all other thoughts merged in that desperate one, where should she hide herself? The after-glow faded, and twilight stole on apace. Already the beechen groves about the chalet were growing dusk, and in the pure gray of evening every object wore a subdued aspect of tender, inviting melancholy. This ancient forest is never more impressive than in the twilight of early autumn. In summer the birds' song and the sound of the woodman's axe break the hush, but with the first September mists ineffable solitude and stillness steal over the scene—precursors of the long silent reign of snow.

Eva looked and listened as if waiting for a voice, some answer to the question that had shaped itself into doom. All her thoughts were now narrowed to a point, all her faculties bent upon one object. She must escape this happiness with Arthur. But how?

The twilight shadows deepened, and great calm enfolded the island world; to Eva rather a resting-place than a prison it seemed now; no carcer of bruised and broken spirit; instead, a quiet haunt for tired body and brain, dedicate to oblivion and eternal rest.

And as little by little she let this thought take possession of her mind, despair was no longer written on her face, but in its place a certain unwonted calm, an almost startling aloofness from things sweet and human.

If smiles were banished from it for evermore, so at least were tears, and no more anguish-stricken remorse or self-pity, only cold, collected resignation and passiveness.

The sea had not responded to her, nor the forest; but at last she had hearkened to a voice within, and accepted its awful mandate.

CHAPTER XXIX.

REFUGE.

Grayly and soothingly Evening enticed Eva to herself, as some mild mother inviting to rest a weary child. Warm golden light still lingered about the chalet, but night was fast stealing over the forest, and already the black pine-tops showed faintly against the sober heavens. No brilliant constellations shining out of intense purple skies, no sharp definitions of light and shadow, to-night; instead, creeping mists and crepuscular gloom, with tender, subdued melancholy enfolding all things. It was as if Earth and Heaven wore a veil out of pity for human sorrow, and Nature herself were moved to compassion for one breaking heart.

Hardly misery was written on Eva's face as she walked gently toward the forest; rather a look of cold, hard resolve, perhaps even of satisfaction. The supreme valediction to life and hope were given. All she needed now was rest, and that she knew right well where to find. Oh! to be beyond reach of compassionating love and retributive memory, the world's superciliousness and the frown of the cruel, at peace forever and forever!

She followed a path she knew well; she had taken it with Arthur many a time, a little traverse leading through the beechen forest to the Stone of Sacrifice and the Black Lake. It was still a twilight world in which she moved, and in the open spaces might be seen yet a pearly sky bending over the dusky trees, and tender rosy lights flickering here and there. Night was imminent, but had not yet come. When she reached the opening in the heart of the wood, she sat down and wept a little. A momentary softness came over her. She would fain for a brief space have rested her head on some kind bosom, and poured out a last word or two of penitence and prayer. She thought then that such a farewell ought not to be made without some shrift, some final appeal to love, human and divine. It seemed then as if in a sentence she could have said all there was to say on her own behalf, and summarized her life, with its pitiful short-comings and sorrows, so as to win plenary pardon alike from friends and judges. In God's forgiveness she never doubted.

Yes, the sting of separation was here. She could never now plead for herself, as none could plead for her. None would ever be in a position to judge her aright. The subtlety with which she had been tempted, the poignancy of her remorse, who could measure? If, indeed, we know not our own weakness till too late, shall others, coldly judging, better appraise us?

She wept for a while out of sheer human forlornness, and murmured the names dear and familiar to her. In one overmastering moment of passionate longing she called on Elizabeth, her father, Arthur; but they could not hear. She was alone, no human thing so lonely under the vast heaven.

Whilst she waited thus for night to come, with tears in her eyes and self-pity in her heart, one especial scene of her childhood flashed before her with more than the vividness of dreams. She recalled a forest scene like this when, toddling by her father's side, they had been overtaken by the gloaming. So little was she that it was the first time she had ever seen the stars out-of-doors; and when the shadows frighted her, and the solitude—how well she remembered it!—her father had taken her in his strong arms, soothing her to sleep, and she remembered nothing more till it was morning. The sun shone on her little bed. All the gloom and the terror had vanished. There was the sweet bright day with its full measure of cheerfulness and affection, a mother's love, a father's pride, the prattle of baby sisters. And now she was alone. Strange to have been so smiled upon and cared for once, and now to meet the end thus desolate.

One question flashed across her mind too awful to dwell upon. That childish adventure in the forest, the momentary tremor, the apparent peril, the joyful climax. Might she discover here a parallel, a prophecy, applicable to her present case? Had this dark day also a to-morrow? Was there a morning beyond the grave?

Then she recalled the conversation with Arthur Venning two short days ago. They were sitting on the Stone of Sacrifice, where now she sat alone, and she had half-playfully recalled its legend. Little did she think how soon those fearful rites she described then would be renewed, and that in these happy modern days the Black Lake was to receive its victim.

For, said Eva, fancifully following up this thought, might not the allegory apply to her own story? Was she not one of the ministers to self, passion—call it by what name we will—they had spoken of, that self-centred force or blind influence that sooner or later turns upon us a Nemesis?

Looking back on life now, an alert conscience acting the part of umpire, she could but feel that if she had been more sinned against than sinning, yet had she grievously sinned, and that if she were a victim of others' wrong-doing, her own lapse nevertheless needed expiation. She must, to use Arthur's words, be tried as clay in the fire, fitted for a better being, if God so will it, by His annealing. So she lingered, weeping, praying, yet unmoved from her implacable purpose, almost, indeed, clinging to her resolve as if it were a duty. She must be hid from sight and forgotten, in order that the guileless Elizabeth should be made happy. Not twice must Elizabeth's heart be well-nigh broken by her elder sister.

Eva lingered, and had some kind human thing crossed her desolate path then, she might have been saved to more sorrow, but—can we doubt it?—to a better fate.

Had some little straying child come that way, and putting its hand in hers, begged to be led home—some woodman stricken in years, recalling her father—all might yet have been otherwise for her and her loved ones. But none came, and meantime night was there. Eva waited till the last glimmer of rosy light should vanish from the west, and the distant forest rim hardly break the horizon: then she knew what she should do. The way back to the chalet was easy to find, yet not hard to miss. Nothing cruel or in scorn should be said of her afterward. The fisher-folk would hereafter recount how a stranger lost her way one gloomy autumn night, and strayed into the Black Lake. The story would be told thus, and if Arthur guessed another version of it, he would hold his peace. The gathering darkness deepened. Soon hardly a vesture track of day lingered in the west, and no sharp demarkation of forest and sky was any longer visible—only a gentle gradation of intermingling shadows. Eva glanced toward the opening through which she had passed, and saw that the bright vista of an hour ago made only a just perceptible break in the prevailing sombreness. She took that for a sign. There was nothing more to wait for. No bidding but this one had made itself audible. She must obey, and leave the rest. So she went the dark way. As some poor wounded bird that flutters toward dusky covert, there to die unmolested, Eva let the night suck her in, darkness enfold her with murky wings, silence claim her as its own. Not a sound broke the stillness of the forest, not a star shone out of the heavens. Night had come indeed.

But was the day far behind? A few short hours of gloom and silence, a brief trance-like spell of quietude, and the pure light of morning would glimmer in the east, a cheerful twitter of birds break the stillness of the forest, slowly but surely heralding the dawn. And may not some clear dayspring await Eva's soul? Is not the veil of darkness to be lifted from that sorely tried spirit after the tribulation and the tomb? For sin and sorrow are finite, but the Eternal Wisdom that compasseth us round about hath no limitation. Let not the inadequacy of human judgment blaspheme the pity of Heaven!

CHAPTER XXX.

REACTIONS.

It was little likely that Arthur Venning should escape a transitory yet tremendous reaction of feeling when first left to his own thoughts. Fascinated to desperation by Eva's beauty, and melted by the forlornness of her position, he had bound himself—to what? A marriage the secret of which none must know, and which would hang over his head like the sword of Damocles as long as he lived. Arthur Venning just missed being a commonplace man, as he knew right well, but he could not help asking himself now if he were in the least degree heroic. Could he brazen the shame and the scorn that should come through a wife? And as he asked himself this question he smiled ironically at the difference between dreams and fact, a man's ideal and the shape into which circumstances mould it. If there was one thing he had felt ambitious about, it was marriage. When he married, he always said to himself, he should look perhaps foolishly high, but otherwise would never dream of marrying at all. He should in this matter look well before and after, taking into account alike his honorable lineage and the generation to come. His children, if he had any, should be able to boast of their mother. And now?

Not for one awful moment did Arthur Venning contemplate a base declension, an abject recoil. By his manly word he would stand as long as he lived, and nothing endured for Eva's sake should ever wring from him as much as a look of betrayal. But the truth of his position did for a brief interval humiliate and appall him. The most worldly-minded Nestor could not have made the nature of his sacrifice clearer.

The dark thought would go as it had come—he felt sure of that; but why had it come at all? There was the sting. Was the good opinion of the world to be put in the balance with Eva's love? Was he in deed and in truth a worldling, after all? If so, then Eva could never be sure of him, much less could he answer for himself, and his very generosity might prove a curse to her instead of a blessing.

To have to answer for one's self is a thorny and up-hill way to heroism. Even a poor creature may do a splendid deed on a sudden. But to be obliged to make sure of ourselves by long looks ahead, to feel under the necessity of sentinelling the weak places and setting watch over untoward impulses. Ah, who but trembles at the prospect of such palmary proof, such fiery ordeal?

Arthur Venning was well aware that up to a certain point he was of the world, worldly. Well bred and well born, with just enough means to make these conditions acceptable, he had hitherto escaped anything like a buffet of fate or fortune. But this smooth, honorable, and not by any means purposeless existence was that of a man of the world.

He often and often said of himself that his very aptitudes suffered from overmuch ease and prosperity; he, with more ambition, might have been less successful, but the gain would have been greater than the loss. If ambition counted for little in his past life, passion counted for nothing at all. Till this waiting on an island he did not understand the meaning of the word. He loved this beautiful Eva as he never dreamed of loving. No questioning, no dubiousness here. She was the first woman he had ever seen with whom he would wish to live. The sacrifice he was called upon to make for such happiness was surely small.

It galled him beyond measure that the conviction of sacrifice forced itself upon him and could not be got rid of. He was overcome by the sense of his own inadequacy, a dread lest Eva should discover limitations in his nature undoing the very generosity which made her adorable to him. It was the world he feared, and he saw clearly how it might eventually come between them. Arthur was not by any means romantic. He had seen a good deal of life. He knew well enough that marriage means not only sentiment and poetry, but the prosaic life of every day, with its little carking cares and mean little miseries. There was only one way of making happiness sure for himself and Eva. They must hide themselves from the world.

Then he mused somewhat scornfully. England, at least the cultured, æsthetic, over-refined life of London, is not the universe. Existence were surely to be tolerated elsewhere. And with this thought came another, also calling up a supercilious smile.

If the world was little to Arthur Venning, how much less was Arthur Venning to the world! Were I, for instance, he reasoned, by some untoward accident, to meet with my end on this island, how long should I be remembered? Perhaps a week, maybe a se'nnight; certainly not longer. And if I were to take back some Scandinavian peasant maiden as my bride, and parade her in fashionable circles wearing the gala costume of her canton, that would be no more than a nine days' wonder, to what we are pleased to call society, either. Let society unearth Eva's story and enjoy its nine days' wonder, an it will. My life is my own, to do with it as I please. After all, he concluded—with the airy yet conscious cynicism of one who has lived his whole life in the world—dead or living, set on a pinnacle or flouted and bemired, 'tis all one. Self is the microscope that makes us slaves of opinion.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1440.

Having thus had his fling at himself and society, Arthur gave way wholly to joyful thoughts. They would travel, and make their home in some bewitching nook of Italy or southern France, and there suffice for one another. For years to come they would avoid the perils and pitfalls of London. Then he prefigured Eva's rapture at the first sight of Athens and Granada; the sweet quiet days they should spend in lovely places together, the books they should read, the work they should project, under these delicious influences. One practical misgiving dismayed his lover-like transports. He fortunately possessed an income adequate to his wants, but he must now think of another. The notion of being straitened in means after marriage was odious to him. A superb woman like Eva, if not surrounded with the sumptuousness and splendor that would so well become her, must have no sordid cares. The very first thing he had to do was to make sure of more liberal earnings—no hard matter, forsooth, with her to spur him on to excellence he had not yet attained either in literature or art.

Everything, therefore, happily settled in his mind, he at last re-embarked for his island and his bride. Things had gone against his wishes since quitting Eva three days ago. Hardly had he touched the opposite shore when a squall arose—one of those sudden storms of wind and rain that put prompt return out of the question. He might be able to cross in two or three days, so the sailors said, but could promise nothing. There he was, and there he must abide till the weather mended. Two days were not too much for all he had to do, and Eva would be under no anxiety about him, he comforted himself with thinking. The storm would account for his non-appearance. On the third day, however, he did begin to chafe at untoward fortune. The wind still blew a terrific hurricane, the rain fell in torrents, and the sea raged angrier than ever. Getting back was as problematic as it had been two days ago.

He now made up his mind to wait no longer, but reach the island by a roundabout route practicable at all times. A long railway journey must first be made; then the inland sea crossed by ferry-boat at the point where it narrowed to a mere channel; finally the island traversed tediously from end to end by the mail-cart. But anything seemed better than fretting away another day in inaction. So he set off. Even six hours' railway travelling at a snail's pace through one of the dismalest regions in Europe, and in deplorable weather, could not damp his spirits. Reaction had followed reaction. He now bitterly blamed himself for the ungenerous thoughts of yesterday. Life and the outer world seemed bewildering and rapturous to him as he journeyed toward his island and its fairy hopes. Much more than mere lover's triumph elated him now. It was Eva's dazzling beauty and pensive stateliness that had first taken him captive; then her pathetic history that had overwhelmed him with passionate pity. With a woman so beautiful, so rarely endowed, and so sweet, it were good to live. And should not a man live for something better and deeper than the applause of society, and that hateful thing called success? Then he thought of Harvey, reproaching himself for his roughness and acerbity during their last interview. Harvey was going to make the perilous leap too, and had doubtless long ago forgotten and forgiven. He could not blame his brother, certainly; Flora was the very wife for him. Of Elizabeth he must not think as yet. In the mean time the weather showed signs of mending, and by the time he reached the coast the storm had spent its fury. There was, therefore, no longer any necessity to cross the island by road. A steamer was ready to start when Arthur reached the harbor; he could now reach his destination by the quicker route he had taken with Harvey a few weeks before.

The storm had cleared, but there was no sudden break of sunshine, no instantaneous sparkle and glitter of a jewelled earth washed clean by the rain, but a quiet, gradual clearing away of mist and rain. It was, indeed, a slow, steady transition from summer brilliance to autumn mellowness. The hurricane had marked the close of one season and the beginning of another. The quiet harmonies of the island along which the steamer gently coasted were subdued to yet softer tones. Almost a sublimer world it seemed now to Arthur as he sailed over silvery seas under a cool, gray sky. Hardly a zephyr blew from the lee shore, and the waters of the small inland seas, traversed one after another, seemed almost supernaturally becalmed. The deep indentures of the coast gave this little cruise rather the semblance of thridding an archipelago, so nearly like islands these tiny promontories and headlands.

Lovely and dream-like the scene, all the lovelier and more dream-like because it shifted so quickly. Now the little steamer glided gently between twin cantons that seemed made for pleasure only, smooth verdurous spaces sloping down to the crystal waves. Now it passed close under natural parapets silvery bright, yet aerial as if destined to melt away on the morrow. Far away was the open sea, with many an islet breaking its surface line, both pale and lovely as cloud-land. The indescribable witchery of the scene, the delicate opalescent color, the magic stillness, fascinated Arthur anew. He felt as if he now for the first time realized the beauty of this little land twice islanded from the common world. Three days' sojourn on the frigid plains opposite made it seem doubly a fairy haunt. He was lost in admiration of these airy combinations of color, so delicate and pure as to be hardly colors at all, these matchless harmonies of form, so ethereal and exquisitely pencilled that it seemed as if a shower of rain would wash them away. He could hardly believe that he had gazed on the self-same scenery a little while ago. Was it that awakening of deepest feeling intensified his powers of appreciating nature? or did he happen just then simply to be in a more generous and sympathetic frame of mind? He was aroused from his reverie by a sudden commotion on board, one of those unanimous movements that betoken some emotion or passion electrifying a vast concourse of people. Every face looked one way, every one turned on his heel, and a moment later a cry of ecstasy was ringing from one end of the vessel to the other: "The mirage! the mirage!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MILWAUKEE EXPOSITION.

The citizens of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, are now enjoying their fourth annual industrial exposition, which was opened on the 13th of September, and will not close until the middle of the present month. On page 659 are given illustrations of the exterior of the fine Exposition Building, the interior of the Main Hall, and a corner of the Art Gallery. This latter contains what is perhaps the finest collection of paintings ever seen in Milwaukee, and is one of the most attractive features of the exposition. Among the artists represented are F. A. Bridgeman, Eastman Johnson, Jervis McEntee, Henry Mosler, George Inness, De Haas, Walter Shirlaw, and others equally well known. In a small gallery by themselves are a number of the best works of William Bradford, the painter of arctic scenery. In view of the recent return of the Greely expedition, this collection attracts unusual interest, and the little gallery is crowded at all times.

The foreign exhibits that appeal most strongly to the popular fancy are those of Japan and Turkey, both of which are very complete and well worthy of study.

Prominent among the many active workers to whom is due the entire success of this annual exposition are Messrs. John Plankinton, President of the Association, and Thomas R. Mercein, its General Manager. It is largely owing to the efforts of these gentlemen that, in spite of the enormous expenses incident to the maintenance of an annual exposition, the Milwaukee Association is free from debt and has a handsome surplus fund in its treasury.

CRUISING CANOES—THE LAST MATCH.

On page 655 is a spirited picture entitled "The Last Match," which tells its own story at a glance. It represents a situation that will be readily appreciated by the vast number of men who seek their summer recreation among the forests or on the capital cruising waters with which this country is so lavishly supplied.

In this picture, while our sympathies are enlisted on behalf of the voyagers who so solicitously watch the flickering flame of their sole remaining lucifer, our curiosity is also aroused as to the nature of their voyage, and the manner of craft in which it is undertaken. Canoes? "Oh no," said a gentleman who was recently overheard explaining the peculiarities of several similar craft that lay on the deck of a St. Lawrence steamer; "they're not canoes, that's certain. Canoes are made out of logs. They're boats." Others have said, "Real canoes are only made of birch bark"; and still others, "Canoes are made of cedar or bass-wood, but the true canoe is not decked, nor does she carry sail."

According to the definition accepted by the American Canoe Association, a canoe is a light craft, sharp at both ends, that may be efficiently propelled by a paddle. Since the days of John McGregor's first *Rob Roy*, which was a true canoe in every sense of the word, the canoes of our English cousins have, by gradual evolution, become small yachts. They are big, substantial affairs, weighted down with ponderous iron centre-boards and several hundred pounds of lead ballast; their decks are littered with a confusing miscellany of rigging and tackle; and they are capable of outriding a gale at sea; but woe betides the man who undertakes to "efficiently" propel one of them with a paddle. It is like driving nails with a tack-hammer, which, of course, can be done, after a fashion.

It is in this country, thanks to our unexcelled inland cruising waters, that the modern canoe has most nearly attained the maximum of perfection. We have tried and discarded the heavy English "Pearls," and the beautifully deceptive smooth-skinned canoes made of alternating thicknesses of veneering. The little "Rob Roy" has been found not to have sufficient carrying capacity for extended cruises through unsettled districts, and the open canoe is unsafe in rough water; but the desideratum seems to have been reached in such canoes as are represented on page 655. They are between fourteen and fifteen feet long, of thirty inches beam amidships, are lap-streaks, decked, and are built of quarter-inch cedar planking copper-riveted to light oak ribs. They weigh about one hundred pounds each, and each will carry comfortably about four hundred pounds weight, including the crew. Such a canoe, provided with a folding metallic centre-board, will cruise safely under a sail area of about eighty square feet, and thus impelled, with all conditions favorable, she will sail at the rate of from five to seven miles an hour. She can be paddled at from three to four miles an hour, and by one accustomed to the labor this rate can easily be maintained from eight to ten hours without exhaustion.

The outfitting of a canoe for a long cruise has been reduced to so exact a science that every inch of space is utilized to advantage, and no superfluities find their way into the various storage compartments. When upon the completion of a day's journey the tired canoeist lands on some pleasant point where he has determined to pass the night, it takes him about two minutes to drag his canoe up on the beach, and erect over its cockpit the little striped Oriental-looking tent that, supported by the two masts and buttoned down to the sides of the coaming, is as weather-proof and satisfactory a shelter as can be found in the most perfectly equipped encampment. He cooks his supper over an alcohol lamp of such power that its flame will boil a pint of water in less than two minutes. Within fifteen minutes from the time of his landing his supper awaits him, and if his bill of fare is not as varied as that of a city restaurant, it is abundant, of good quality, well cooked, and is seasoned with a most excellent appetite.

When ready for bed, the canoeist dons a suit of light flannel pajamas, crawls into a warm sleeping-bag, and lies down in the bottom of his canoe, thoroughly protected from dew or rain by the striped roof above him. Through the open side flaps of his tent he watches the stars or the shadows of the night as he smokes a consolatory and meditative pipe; or, by the light of his bull's-eye canoe lantern placed on a hatch at his head, he reads himself into somnolence. If insects are troublesome, he easily escapes the annoyance by rigging up a canopy of mosquito netting inside his tent. Thus prepared, his night's rest will be thoroughly comfortable; and when in the morning he rises with the sun, after an all-night's sleep, and plunges for a bath into the clear water rippling beside him, he is willing to testify that in modern canoeing is to be found the very essence of pleasure travel.

So rapid is the growth of canoeing in this country that the American Canoe Association, founded four years ago with twenty members, now numbers a membership of nearly one thousand canoeists, who represent every section of the United States and Canada. Its present Commodore is General Robert Shaw Oliver, of Albany, and one of its ex-commodores is a judge of the Supreme Court of the State of Ohio.

Kirk Munroe.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Experiments are going on in this country and in England simultaneously with the view of determining whether the electric light can be used with advantage in light-houses. The English experimenters are endeavoring to decide as to the relative values of oil, gas, and electricity as illuminants, taking into consideration the luminosity and penetrating power of each light in land and sea atmospheres. Their work will be done thoroughly, without doubt, and it will be interesting to compare the results with those reached on this side of the water, where the work is going on somewhat pretentiously and with inferior facilities. The London *Standard* says the experiments in England have already shown "that by means of concentric lenses a light nearly as powerful as the electric light can be obtained without the same risk of failure and at a comparatively light cost." It is suggested that good results might be obtained from extending the inquiry so as to include the important matter of giving distinctive character to fixed lights.

The notorious brotherhood of miners known by the grotesque name of Mollie Maguires has been revived in the coal and iron producing regions of Pennsylvania. This murderous organization was broken up only by a free use of the hangman's rope. One of the objects of its revival seems to be to clear the region of Hungarian laborers, for whom the Mollies have a bitter hatred. A number of men occupying places of influence have been threatened with death through notices sent as in the previous days of Mollie Maguire terrorism. But the detective and police bodies are on the alert, and having learned how to deal with the murderers, the authorities undoubtedly will make quick work with revived Mollie Maguirism.

The American process of "interviewing" will be made more unpopular in England than it has ever been if the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which has taken it up to some extent of late, permits the persons whom it interviews to make such revelations as are made in a conversation with a London cigarette dealer. He used to think that his lady customers bought cigarettes for their husbands or brothers; "but I know better now," he says. The advice he gives them is, "Smoke, but do not oversmoke, madam."

Next year, on March 27, the anniversary of the landing of Ponce de Leon in 1512 will be celebrated in the city of St. Augustine, and at the same time the founding of that town in 1565 will be commemorated. Santa Fe, the rival of St. Augustine in the matter of age, has already celebrated the completion of a third of its first thousand years of existence. It was not entirely clear to all that Santa Fe was 333⅓ years old, but the enthusiasm of the celebrants was not dampened by this doubt.

It is generally acknowledged in the West that the terrestrial tremor which was noted a few days ago in parts of Ohio, Michigan, and Indiana was but a feeble imitation of the robust earthquake that played hity-tity with the fifteen-story buildings of New York earlier in the season. Yet that mild shake will come in handily when the youngsters of to-day shall occupy grandfathers' chairs, and relate to a generation yet to come how 1884 came to be known as earthquake year.

The law regulating the sale of intoxicants in Vermont is so well enforced that a demand has been created for lithographic prescriptions for some of the popular beverages. These are made up at the drug-stores and administered to the sufferers on the spot. The prescription for that purely American remedy known as the cocktail is as follows: "℞.—Spir. Frument. 2 fl. oz.; Ext. Angos. ½ dr.; Syr. Simp. ½ fl. oz."

A diamond recently found in South Africa, and sold to a European syndicate of diamond merchants, is described as being equal in quality to the finest India stones, and superior in weight to all of the historical gems. It is estimated that when cut it will weigh three times as much as the Koh-i-noor, and fifty per cent. more than the great Orloff.

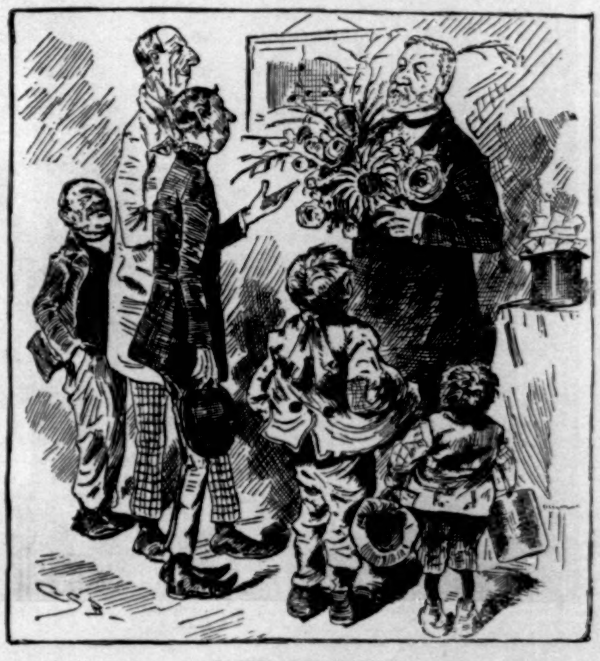
Complaint is made that the barbed-wire fences along the walks in some parts of Central Park are destroying the dresses of ladies, and the hands and faces of children.

At a colored camp-meeting on Staten Island the sermon of Dominie Bardus was interrupted by the shrieks of the sisters who occupied the front benches. The good man looked among them, and spied a snake wriggling along the ground. Thereupon he seized his walking-stick, descended from the pulpit, and attacked the serpent. Having vanquished him, the dominie ascended and took up the thread of his discourse at seventeenthly.

There was held in Austria recently a nose show, at which were displayed olfactory curiosities in interesting and almost infinite variety. The nose which took the prize was that of a Viennois, and it is described as "a gigantic, violet-hued trunk of elephantine proportions." The result might have been different if the inhabitants of the Bourbon region of Kentucky had known that a nasal exposition was contemplated.

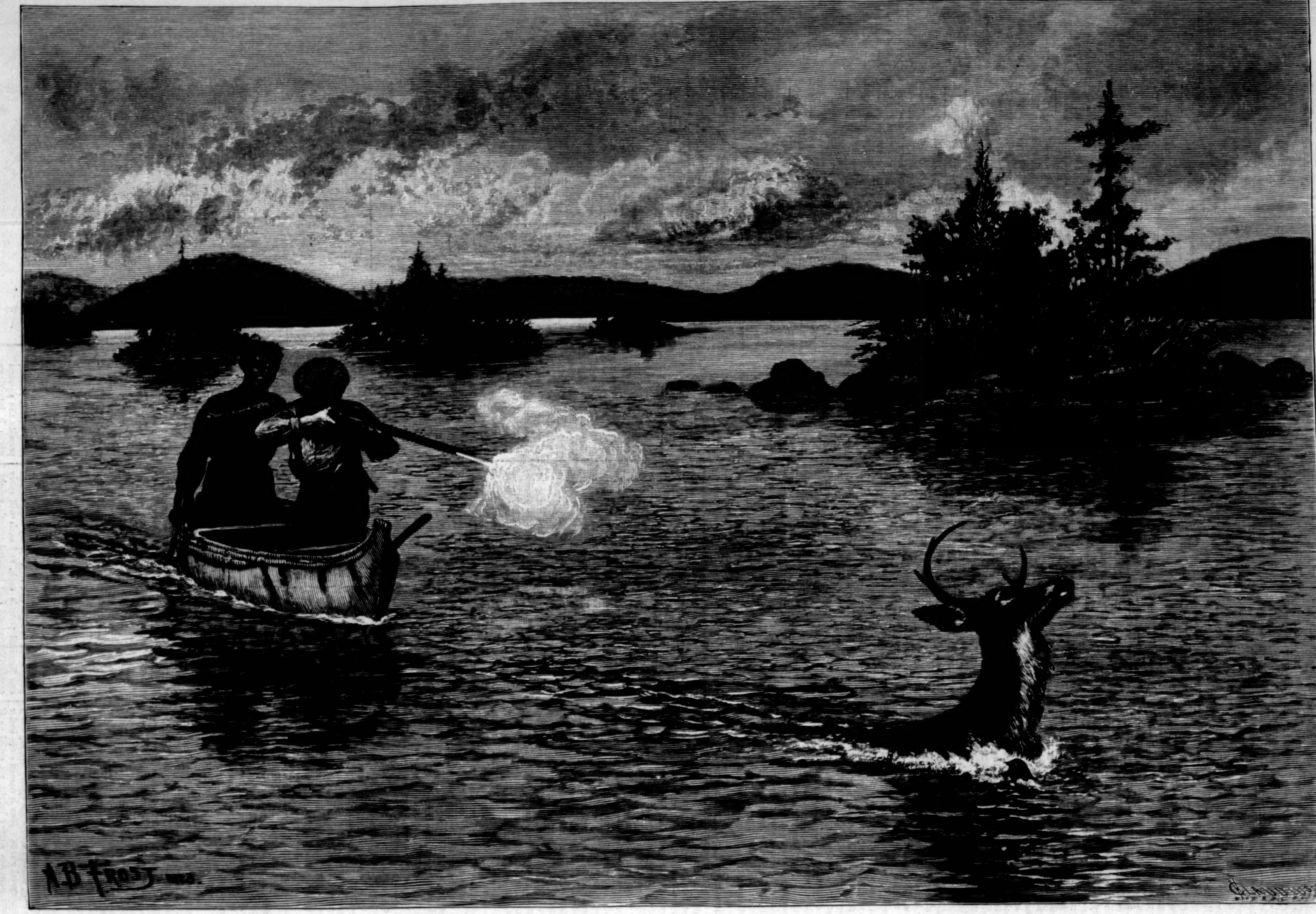
There is a theory that goats cause famines in India by destroying the forests, and thus decreasing the rain-fall. The propagation of circus posters and tomato cans would therefore seem to be the only sure preventive of famine in that country.

The Democratic candidate for Vice-President and the Democratic candidate for Governor of North Carolina have had narrow escapes recently from death by accident. The man who sat in the seat with Mr. Hendricks was grievously hurt in a railway smash-up, and General Scales's carriage was thrown over a precipice. He escaped death by lodging in a tree-top.

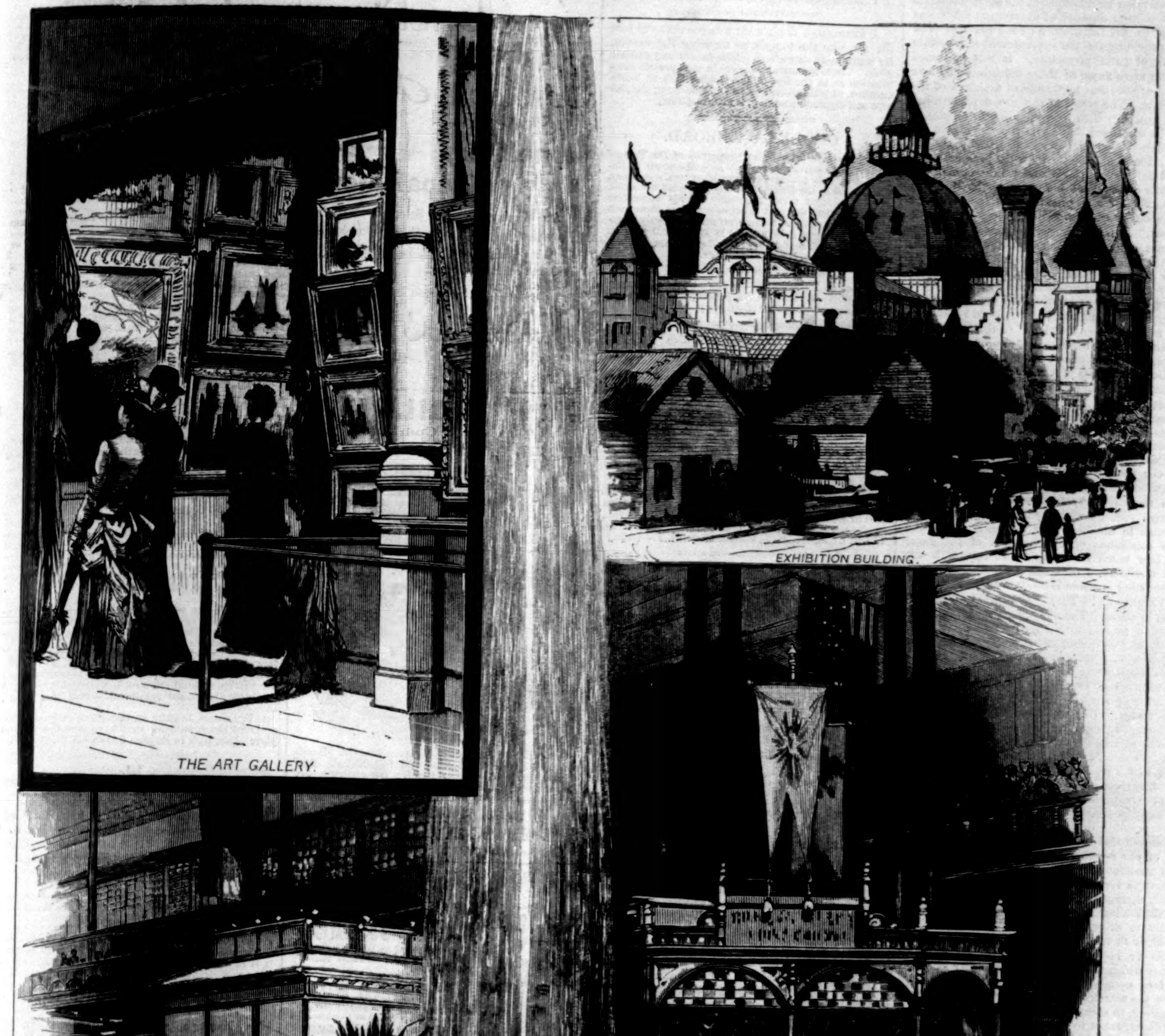


ANOTHER DELEGATION.

"We's the crew of the *Sairy Jane*, canal-boat, an' we shy this yer bokay at yer Honor, hopin' ye'll prove useful to us in various canals, an' give us a show in heavin' anchors to windward, seein' as how we's short of funds an' our mule's up an' died."



UNSPORTSMANLIKE SLAUGHTER—NO CHANCE FOR LIFE.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.—[SEE PAGE 660.]


THE ART GALLERY.
EXHIBITION BUILDING.
C. Graham
MAIN HALL.

THE MILWAUKEE EXPOSITION.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 657.]

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF GAME.

AFTER many tribulations, at the earnest solicitation of a large number of sportsmen, a law was enacted by the Legislature of the State of New York providing for the appointment of a certain number of game-protectors. It was presumed that the mere name of these officials would awe into obedience the multitude of violators of the game law. The result of this new departure has been watched with considerable interest. It must be confessed that so far the experiment has not been eminently successful. Under the old system the local machinery for the prosecution of offenders was so entirely under the control of the violators of the game law as to render it almost impossible for any private individual, however courageous or earnest, to bring the guilty to punishment. In this direction the new dispensation does not appear to be much more effective than the old. To render it so, we shall have to create a new race of citizens, or appoint a game protector for every three miles of coast-line, every five square miles of the interior, and deputize one to accompany every party of tourists or sportsmen who may visit the wild lands of the North. In the Adirondacks, for instance, to properly protect the vast tract comprised under that name would require the services of a small army; as a matter of fact, three or four game-protectors are assigned to that locality. These are so entirely powerless to guard the territory under their care that their efforts for good are of comparatively no value whatever.

It has been frequently demonstrated how rapidly our small game is disappearing under the non-enforcement of the laws for its protection. Even the migratory fowl, which breed in comparative security and produce largely, sensibly diminish in numbers year by year. Under the same conditions of the violation of the game law, how much more rapid and certain is the total annihilation of large game such as deer, whose small increase is subject to far more serious vicissitudes! They are not even allowed to breed in peace. The daily press constantly calls attention to and utters its protest against the killing by guides and tourists of the doe during the period of gestation. Even supposing this to be an exceptional occurrence, so many devices are resorted to to capture or kill deer that it is matter of surprise that a single specimen is alive to-day. Our wonder that he still exists is increased when we consider the ease and rapidity of transportation which in a single day transfers the tourist from many of our larger cities to the very edge of the wild woods of the North, his complete and destructive equipment, and the eagerness of the guides, who, to earn the extra pay contingent upon success, resort to every possible device to lure the game within gunshot of their clients. Moreover, the topography of our Northern woods, dotted as they are with numerous little lakes, lends itself to the use of devices for killing deer manifestly unfair and fatally destructive. The presence of these lakes is taken advantage of by the tourists and their guides to drive, by daylight, the deer into the water, or at night to post themselves, with jack-lights or lanterns with powerful reflectors, at points which the deer frequents, either to drink, to feed upon aquatic plants, or to seek refuge from the attacks of insects. In the first instance the deer, to escape the numerous packs of mongrel curs, takes to the water. While swimming he is pursued in boats, from which he is either shot or cut and hacked with knives, as best suits the inclinations of the tourists.

At night, as before remarked, the jack-light or lantern is brought into use. The first is an iron crib mounted on a pole in the bow of the boat. It is fed with blazing candle-wood. The second is a lantern with three lamps, backed with a powerful reflector, which throws a strong ray of light far in advance. In some instances a locomotive head-light is used. The man who paddles is seated in the stern, while the tourist who shoots takes his position immediately in the rear of the light. The deer becomes utterly bewildered and fascinated by the bright glare which gradually approaches. He stands rooted to the spot until the tourist almost touches him with the muzzle of the gun. As the shot-gun loaded with buck-shot is commonly used, it is seldom the game is not bagged. Several deer are not infrequently killed during a single night's hunt by a tourist thus equipped. It is easy to imagine how, under such a process of killing deer, a complaint should arise of their scarcity. Under the stress of hunger a man may feed off one of his own kind. It is only on the plea of averting possible starvation that any but a tourist with a coupon ticket would consent to kill a deer while swimming, or when dazzled by the flare of a jack-light or a lantern.

GASTON FAY.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

IN IMPAIRED NERVE FUNCTION.

DR. C. A. FERNALD, Boston, Mass., says: "I have used it in cases of impaired nerve function with beneficial results, especially in cases where the system is affected by the toxic action of tobacco."—[*Adv.*]

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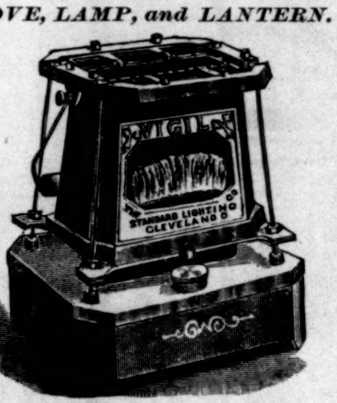

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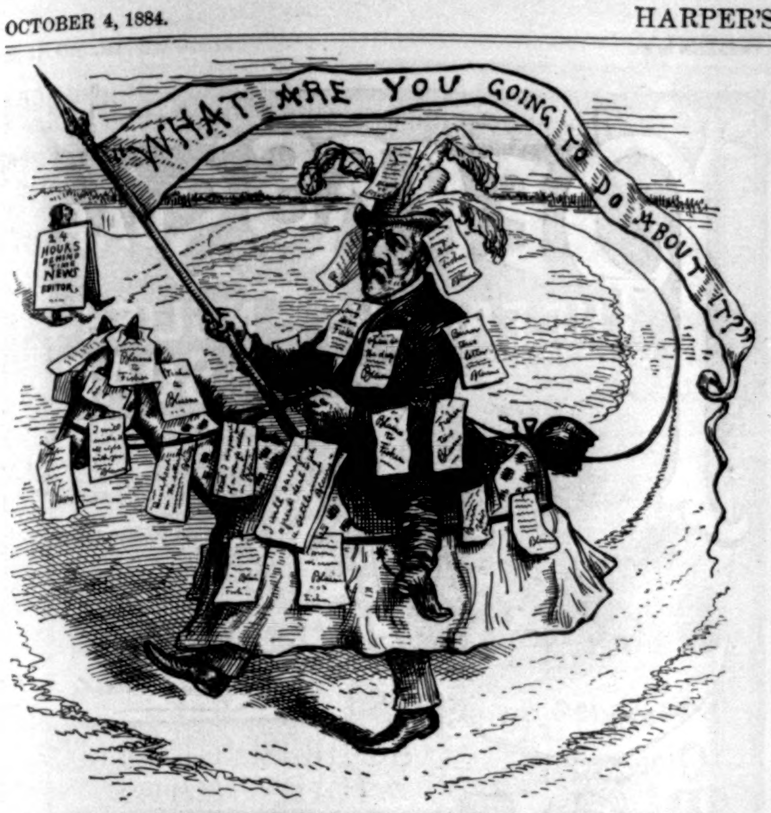
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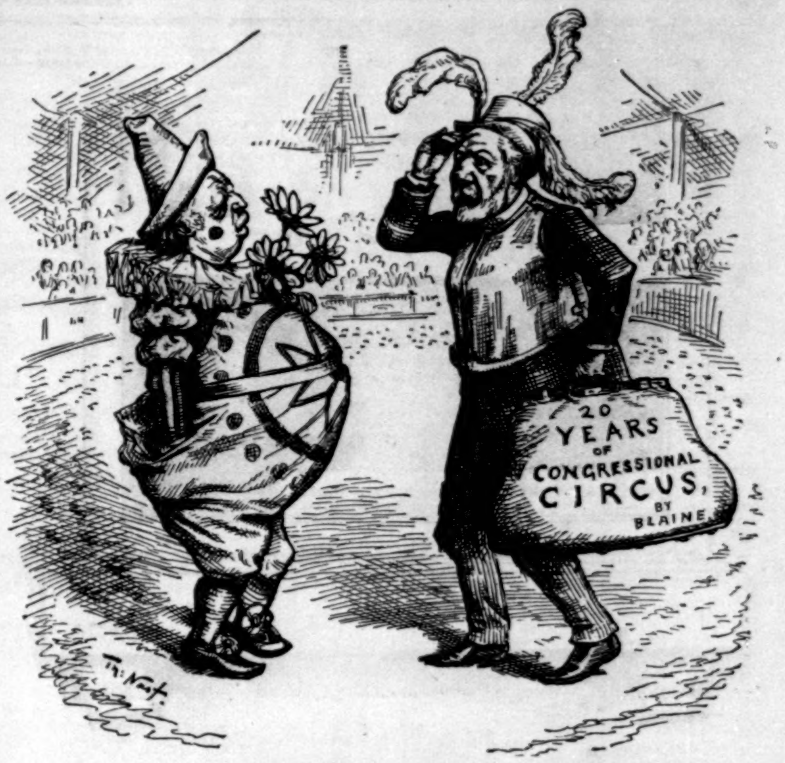
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